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Referring then, for Stifter's chief characteristics to our former account of his *Studies*, it will suffice here to say that those which he has now given us, containing perhaps no single piece so complete as '*My Grandfather's Portfolio*,' have on the whole a maturer tone than the first series, and show in higher relief two qualities which it will be proper to notice presently. Here, as before, the sketches are unequal in length as well as in merit. They are four in number. The two longest, '*The Old Bachelor*' and '*The Two Sisters*,' present various beauties in detail and description, and unaffectedly develop an abundance of genial wholesome feeling and pure tenderness, hung, like dew-drops on a spider's thread, on narratives altogether slender, not to say devoid of invention. The two shorter studies are '*The Forest-steep*' and '*The Inscribed Pine Tree*.' In the first the story of '*Master Tiburius*' must be termed unlikely as well as meagre; with some disadvantage, too, in the execution, from the air of caricature in the hero,—the only instance of the kind, hitherto, in Stifter's portraits—giving a false tone at the beginning of the tale, which in pretty sketches and fresh wood notes afterwards never quite resolve into proper harmony. Here, too, we may observe, Stifter borrows, without acknowledgment—and alters for the worse besides—a drollery from Jean Paul's golden book '*Of Education*.' The trait of '*Master Tiburius*' as an odd child liking dolls, and choosing one of the queerest kind, is taken from '*Lerana*':—where, in discussing the whims of infants in the selection of toys, Richter tells how one of his own little girls, neglecting her well-dressed dolls, bestowed her chief affections on an old boot-jack of papa's,—which she

dressed up and dandled with indefatigable tenderness.

The second sketch we might suppose originally intended for a more full and touching development—so hastily is the thread of the narrative broken and wound up at a moment of suspense—had not the same disproportion between a highly wrought opening and a disappointing close met us in some of the former '*Studies*' on a larger scale. The blank, however, is so great in this instance, that it impairs the effect of the most charming details. Pictures of certain forms of woodland life, scenery, and occupation, in themselves graphic and delightful, seem to invite us to a touching story,—the persons, too, are already collected, and their relations begin to excite interest and suspense,—when the scene is suddenly closed with a brief epilogue; and the reader turns away, murmuring as one defrauded of the promised emotion.

'*The Two Sisters*' and '*The Old Bachelor*' lead us to parts of the Austrian empire untouched in Stifter's former excursions. We are now among the Rætian Alps, or in the marches between Carinthia and the Tyrol:—the principal scenes of the first tale lie in some lonely highlands above the Lago di Garda. This change opens a new panorama of nature; the features of which are larger and more varied with incidents of mountain and mere, voluptuous fertility and stern barrenness, than in the forest lap of the Boehmerwald or on the plains of Hungary. A few glimpses of these pictures—in proof of the author's talent of bringing natural objects vividly before the mind's eye—will invite readers to a nearer acquaintance with his volumes. The human interests with which they are interwoven—admirably as they are developed—are too delicately traced, by a continual series of quiet touches of incident and feeling, to bear removal in fragments from the text, where alone they can be appreciated in their gradual, unaffected sequence. Describing them in general, we may say that they belong to a vein of poetical imagination flowing with the current of genial and affectionate impulses, untroubled with the darker passions, and tempered, even in its fondest moods, by modest self-control and purity transparent as a mountain spring. Without verging on the extreme or improbable,—by the simple avoidance of whatever is ugly or feverish, and by a spontaneous attraction towards all that is generous and becoming in household affections, early love, manifold endurance, and unpretending self-denial, the story, in spite of its artless construction, acquires a kind of graceful coherence, and excites a degree of interest and suspense often wanting to narratives crowded with incident. It may be described as an idyl of modern life;—which delights by touching those feelings only that make us happier and better. At a time when the art of Prose-fiction has been so deeply depraved by the prostitution of descriptive skill to every kind of vicious excitement, no apology can be needed to readers of good taste for welcoming with peculiar cordiality a writer whose genius, with a better instinct, steals from glaring night-scenes of wickedness and misery to the sunshine and shadows of nature, and the still corners of domestic life,—to indulge in dreams of innocence and virtue, in tears that leave no stain, and in pleasures unfollowed by remorse.

Among so many pictures it is difficult to choose:—let us open Volume V. at this twilight scene on a Tyrolean lake. The voyager is an orphan youth, nephew of the "*Old Bachelor*," towards whose island hermitage in the lake he has been travelling on foot from the low country.

The old man went back into the hovel, but soon came out again, accompanied by a girl, young, stout, and ruddy-cheeked, who at once bared her arms, and began to push the boat further out into the water; while the old man put on his coat and brought out a pair of oars. For Victor they had fastened in the boat a wooden settee, on which he placed himself, the knapsack at his side, and holding the head of Spitz,\* who nestled in his master's lap. The old man had taken his seat, with his back to the prow, and the girl stood in the after part, with the oar in her hands. Both together they made the first stroke in the water: the boat started, slid out into the smooth wave, and at each pull of the oar, by successive pushes, cut its way farther out into the gurgling expanse, now darkening over fast. Victor had never been afloat on so wide a sheet of water. The village retired farther and farther, and the great walls of the lake began very slowly to pace onward. After a while a bushy promontory pushed out its tongue, and evermore grew bigger on the water. At length it broke off from the land altogether, and showed itself an island. Towards this island the two rowers pointed their course. The nearer you came, the more distinctly it rose up in front, and the wider grew the space that separated it from the shore. A mountain had masked it at the outset. At length you could distinguish on it very large trees, at first looking as if they grew straight up from the water, then as rising stately from a rocky shore of some height, the sharp crags of which descended plumb into the depths of the wave. Behind the green of these trees there kept moving onward a softly rounded mountain, which evening had covered with a lovely blush. "That is the Grisel, on the opposite shore," the old man replied, to Victor's inquiry; "a considerable mountain, but not so very difficult to climb. There is a pathway right over it to Blumau, and into the cleft where the forges are." Victor gazed at the beautiful mountain, while it kept gliding away, until it sank amidst the green of the trees, as they drew nearer. They had at length got within the green shadows which the isle's forest burden cast into the waters of the lake; and now rowed along the space covered by them. At this moment, far away from the Hul, (the village they had left,) the sound of that little bell which we saw hanging between its four posts came over the distance, calling to vespers. The two boat people at once laid in their oars, and silently repeated their evening prayer; while the boat, still moving on as if self-impelled, glided past the grey cliffs, which now stood out into the mere beyond the island. Here and there, on the mountains inclosing it, glittered a stray light. The lake, too, was now covered with streaks, some of which gleamed and even threw out sparkles, although the sun had long been set. Over all this came the incessant, busy peal of the little bell, sounding on, as if tolled by invisible hands,—for the Hul was out of sight, and all around the lake there was not the smallest spot visible which had even a distant likeness to any human dwelling.

A sketch of a graver aspect of still life we take from '*The Two Sisters*,'—in the words of a traveller, in search of an old friend buried somewhere in the lonely uplands beyond Riva, on the Lago di Garda. The wayfarer has left his boat on the lake, amidst all the rich vegetation of Italy;—a short league of ascent, through one of the gorges in its northern verge, leads to the threshold of quite another region.

I proceeded up the rest of the pass. It grew not only more narrow and hard to climb, but also thinner in soil and barrenness. From its upper end I looked down its whole length, as it lay like a little stripe of green velvet winding to the lake below. At last I reached the "steps" of which the old man had spoken. It would indeed have been impossible to get out over the dyke of stone, which ran like a bar across the cleft, but for the steps, which were skillfully carved in it slantwise, making the task easy. Over them I climbed to the top, and soon stood on the highest part of the hummock. Here it was quite other-

\* We have no proper English for this description of house dog:—of Pomeranian descent, it is said, with some affinity to the wolf, shown by his sharp muzzle, erect, pointed ears, straight hair, and mane of a fawn colour. He is fierce to strangers, but very good and true to his master.

wise than below. The fertility had utterly and altogether ceased. The ground was covered with a greenish-grey lichen, such as I had often seen on stone, but far thinner and weaker here than in any other place where I had found it. But the view, of which the greybeard had spoken in general terms only, was more than commonly fine. It opened chiefly towards that region whither I was now bound. The variety of unusual objects occurring on the lake I had left below had been impressive; here I was quite carried away by emotion, and I may even say ravished, to my very heart's core. These things, properly speaking, have never yet been depicted by painters:—here, in fact, there was no tree, not a twig of brushwood, no house, no hovel, neither meadow nor tilled land,—nothing but the meagre grass and the crags. Few artists, indeed, would count this a subject for the hand of a master, had they not the good fortune to learn by personal experience how unspeakably the sombre beauty of such deserts can act on the human soul. In every various shade and degree of pale green, grey, and blue, the weird vision lay stretching away into the distance. Melancholy, vaporous, shifting and blending sheets of colour went wavering over it, and the cliffs threw in pale reflected gleams like pulses of twinkling light; and where the gorges lay quite naked, or bore nothing but mere sand or boulders, there started out flashes of a tarnished glow, or tints of a more softly blended tone. Beyond and above all rose, calm and paly red, as if breathed from the mist, a mountain, the source, perhaps, of those "red rocks" which the grey old man had mentioned. From it there now streamed away two long-drawn fiery banks of cloud, which the sun, now verging towards his setting, had kindled, floating in the faint opaque green of the southern heavens around them, which shone with a softened radiance, rising by degrees to a dazzling blue in the zenith. All this alone would have been enough for the grandeur of the picture, but beyond all, far away to my left, betwixt the opening of the cliffs, there lay drawn along the verge of the sky a soft streak of grey—which was the Campagna of Lombardy. Accustomed to the pleasant hills of my native land, where orchards succeeded to orchards and holt gives place to holt, green meadows swelling up between them, and the shining gold of corn-fields,—where you will not find a vacant nook where some tiny herb or tree is not growing,—where springs and rivulets trickle in abundance, many bright streams and rivers take their course, and the soft blue of mountains lies in the far distance,—I had no other conception of beauty in a landscape than that thus it must always be. Indeed, living in a beautiful country, I had not been very attentive to such charms as these. But here I stood in a wilderness, where everything was wanting,—where there were absolutely no materials whatever for any specific representation,—but where, nevertheless, there appeared such a tranquil beauty as though Nature herself had opened before me a simple sublime epic. I was, as it were, bowed to the earth; and then the voicelessness that encompassed me seemed to float everything away into expanse and distance, until I quite lost myself.

\* \* \* At last I set forward from this spot, over the grassy flats and stony ground which extended before me, towards the region where the sun was hastening to his rest. But I had first thrown one other glance behind me, to see if my lake was still visible. A fragment of it, like a blue sickle, lay betwixt some ruddy cliffs; but as the view in that quarter was more confined, it vanished at the first step I took onwards.

There are, as we have said, two very characteristic peculiarities in Stifter's treatment of the living figures in these richly painted scenes. The first is, the curious minuteness with which he pursues everything that they do,—the second, the exemplary reserve shown, especially at critical moments, in appointing what they shall say. In neither respect has any author that we know ventured quite so far as Stifter has done. His care to leave untold no motion or act of his chief characters, is so precise as to touch, if not to over pass, at times, the limits of discretion; and were we to quote some instances of his way of reporting every step that his hero takes, each remove of a chair or shutting of a door,

the effect of such passages would be found *per se* to verge on the ridiculous. Nor can it be said that even in their context, as touches in a highly-finished miniature, they always avoid the blame of triviality. Yet this censure must be stated with hesitation: as the habit belongs to a manner of painting which attests the closeness of the image to the eye of the sketcher,—and the pertinacity with which every line and gesture is followed does certainly bring the figure before the reader's imagination with a reality nearly equal to the very presence of life. The line between too much and too little in this method cannot be drawn on very decisive grounds; and it may be said of Stifter's use of it, that if the effect is to decide, few will be apt to condemn even apparent extremes of a process which on the whole produces a life likeness almost deceptive. Of this circumstantial manner a short specimen will give some idea; but in choosing the instance it would not be just to take an extreme case, because the peculiarity of such would be more than fairly conspicuous in a fragment. We will look at the orphan Victor on the eve of quitting home.

Again the clock struck; but the youth still sat in the chair, and the dog before him, watching him with a fixed gaze. At last, hearing the steps of his mother (*parent by adoption*) coming up the stair, he started up on a sudden, and plunged into his work. He flung asunder the doors of the bookcase, and began hastily to lay out the books in heaps on the floor. The old lady, the while, merely put her head half way within the opened door, and as she saw him so busy, withdrew it again, and went off on tiptoe. But he, now that he was once fairly in motion, kept at work, and toiled on with feverish energy. All the books were turned out of the two presses, until they were quite empty, and the vacant shelves gaped into the room. Then he tied up the volumes in parcels, and put them into a chest standing ready for this purpose: and when the books were all packed in, screwed down the lid, and fastened a direction on it. Then he went to his papers. All the drawers of his writing-table and of the two others were drawn out, and all the manuscripts they contained examined, piece by piece. Some were merely looked at, and put aside at once to be instantly packed up; others read; many torn and thrown on the floor, and several stuffed into the pockets of his coat or writing-case. Finally, when all the drawers, too, were cleared out, and nothing to be seen at the bottom but the doleful dust which had trickled into them in the course of years and the cracks which had been formed the while,—he tied all the separated writings into bundles, and laid them also in a chest. Next, he went to his clothes, and to the packing of his trunk. Many a memento of earlier days—an *étui* with a gold chain, a telescope, a brace of small pistols, and, last of all, his beloved flute, were stowed away among the soft protecting linen. When all was finished, the lid was shut, the straps buckled, the lock turned, and a direction glued to the outside. The chest and trunk were to go by a carrier; his knapsack, which still lay on the chair, was to hold such things as he must take with him on the pedestrian journey. He hastily packed it full, and then strapped and buckled it fast. Now that everything was done, he looked once more all round the room, and at the walls, to see if there were nothing still lying or hanging up which must be put away; but there was nothing left,—and the chamber stared on him with a deserted look. Amidst all the confusion of the strange things and of the furniture, which itself had now got a strange air, there was nothing as it used to be but his bed; and even that was disfigured by dust and covered with shreds of torn papers. So, he remained standing for a while. Spitz, who had hitherto watched all the proceedings with looks of rising suspicion, slipping out of the youth's way, now on this side, now on that, without letting a single manœuvre escape his notice, now planted himself quietly in front of his master, and looked up at him, as if inquiring "What next?"

Of Stifter's other characteristic—temperance of speech, namely, in circumstances of emotion

—it is not easy to give a sufficient example. Its impression, by the very nature of the quality, depends on the previous development of character and on the skill with which we are prepared to feel the weight of a critical moment. We must describe it in general terms as deserving of high praise: touching, by the very boldness of its simplicity, and by suggestions of unspoken feeling, more eloquent than words,—with a power akin to that of the old painter who veiled the features of the "King of Men" in *Adrian*. In this return to the chaste and classic reserve of elder poetry—whether led by instinct or taught by reflection,—our author evinces the confidence of true genius, by avoiding a mode of aiming at pathetic effect the facility of which is especially seductive to young writers. He is well justified by the impressiveness of this control of speech in circumstances of passion: far surpassing, in its command of sympathy and tears, the effect of those voluble "bursts of feeling"—altogether false to nature—which have been admired in some of our own painters of home subjects.

This merit in its best instances can be enjoyed only in the work itself. One specimen of a lighter kind may, however, suggest some notion of its quality to readers of an apprehensive taste. The hero on the occasion which we choose is the "very great fool," Master Tiburius, rich, hypochondriac, and humorous, spoiled by bad education, and restored to good sense and good health by his adventures on the "Forest-step," which gives to this *Study* its title. We are now in the second year of his visit to the *Baths* at —; in the woody mountains above which he has fallen in with a mountain maid,—plucking strawberries and sketching trees in her company, without a thought of any better use of his eyes—like a "very great fool," indeed, until one afternoon, when the strawberries had now long been ripe again, as he was sitting on the white stone ridge drawing, and she, with her full basket of fruit at her side, sat behind him on the rocks and looked on, while near them a tall tiger lily towered in full glory on its slender stem:—he said, "How is it, Maria, that you are not at all afraid of being in the woods,—and that from the very first moment when we happened to meet, you were not in the least frightened at me, either?"—"I was never afraid of the wood," she replied, "because I know nothing whatever that I need to fear:—I have been there from the time when I was a child, and am at home in all its ways and places, and do not see what there is to be afraid of. Nor was I frightened at you, because you are civil, and because you are different from the others."—"Aye, and how are the others, then?" asked Master Tiburius.—"They are different," replied Maria. "I used formerly, now and then, to go down to the spa, as nearly all do hereabouts, to sell things of various kinds:—but after a time, I would never go there again, except in the season when the strangers had all left:—for they used always—and some of them men, too—who had no right to take such liberties—to put me on the cheek and say: 'Pretty girl!'"—At these words, Master Tiburius, laid down his pencil in his sketch-book, closed it, turned round on his white stone,—and looked at her. And greatly was he astonished:—for in truth she was remarkably pretty as he perceived for the first time at that instant. Under the little kerchief which she always wore on her head, the dark brown hair, softly braided, flowed down in rich waves, and between their parting the smooth fair brow appeared still fairer and smoother the face, altogether, in spite of its fresh and healthy colour, was indescribably delicate and pure, an effect rather heightened than lessened by the coarse dress which she usually wore. The eyes were very large, very dark, and bright; when opened and raised they encountered the man with the utmost frankness, and when cast down, long gentle eyelashes modestly veiled them. The lips were red, and the teeth white. Her figure, even as she was now seated, showed a stature proportioned to her features, and was slim and softly moulded.—Master Tiburius, after having

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then surveyed her, turned round again, again opened his book, and went on with his drawing. He did not, however, continue it much longer, but, half turning towards Maria once more, said—"For to-day I had rather give over just now."

And so must we:—with hearty good wishes for another meeting on some early day—not with Master Tiburius, but with his master-sketcher. As Austrian troubles have not robbed us of these pieces, finished before the civil level began, let us hope that it may not have the effect of closing his book against new "Studies":—healthy and genial as these, but adorning more ingeniously framed stories.

*The Loyal Garland: a Collection of Songs of the Seventeenth Century, &c.* Edited by J. O. Halliwell, Esq. Printed for the Percy Society.

We apprehend the editor is mistaken as to the extreme rarity of the original from which this small volume is reprinted. The copy which he used is "the fifth edition, with additions, printed in 1686,"—so that there were at least four older impressions; and Mr. Beloe, whom he refers to, was by no means a good authority on a bibliographical point. An edition without date, but purporting to be the third, is in the hands of a well-known bibliographer. However, the work is one, doubtless, of considerable scarceness; and many of the songs and other poems of which it consists are in their way of great merit, and deserved to be put in a shape to render ultimate destruction improbable. The copy which Mr. Halliwell followed appears to be his own,—and we give him credit for the liberality of feeling which would not allow him to keep it merely for his own use and selfish gratification. We are bound to praise him, also, for the omission of some pieces *causa pudoris*, although it renders his reprint incomplete,—and although we are of opinion that in one or two instances he has carried his squeamishness to the extreme. But if this be an error, it is one on the right side. Besides leaving out whole songs (the absence of which is nowhere specified), however, the editor has now and then omitted lines and words which are so easily guessed from the asterisks that the effect is rather to draw attention to them and fix them in the mind of the reader. So far, he has committed a mistake:—and the fault applies to at least twenty or thirty places in the course of considerably less than a hundred pages.

The songs are of all kinds, and nearly of all ages. Although Mr. Halliwell tells us on his title-page that they belong to "the seventeenth century," there is no doubt that some of them (not many, we admit) are much older, and were printed in the sixteenth century. For instance, anybody who reads the dialogue between the Husbandman and the Servingman (p. 66) can perceive at once, without any knowledge of the existing broadside, that the language and terms of expression are those of perhaps a hundred years before the date of this "Loyal Garland." The same remark will apply to other productions: those which have been printed previously in various shapes are numerous,—a point to which the editor adverts in his very brief Introduction. We are, however, furnished by him with no notes, and with no scrap of information to show when and where any single song has formerly made its appearance,—and not one error of the press is pointed out, nor one various reading afforded. The fault which we find is, therefore, one attaching too often to the editorial doings of Mr. Halliwell,—that too little labour has been bestowed on a volume which really merits a good deal of the pains-taking illustration that he is no doubt qualified to supply.

Of course we cannot pretend here to make

good the deficiency; but we may state in a few words, and with reference to only one celebrated poem, what might have been done.—At p. 16 we meet with a song of six stanzas: 'Upon the defacing of Whitehall,'—which is no other than a portion of Martin Parker's famous ballad 'The King enjoys his own again.' No syllable to that effect, however, escapes the editor. Again, in the original copies it consists of no fewer than twelve stanzas,—and the six that are contained in 'The Loyal Garland' are about the six worst of the whole, and are disfigured by sundry errors. Such information as here hinted at is the thing wanted by the reader,—and there are comparatively few pieces in the collection on which something interesting might not have been said if Mr. Halliwell had been a little more communicative.—Still, we are obliged to him for what he has furnished as specimens of the love, loyalty, and jollity of a former age:—we only show in what way he might have increased the obligation. This little work is in entire accordance with the purposes for which the Percy Society was established; but, with the aids which the Council may command, we regret that what in this instance they have given to their subscribers is a mere reprint, without any effort to communicate to it that value in the shape of historical and critical illustration which is much required, and should be expected from them.

*Letter to Sir Robert H. Inglis, Bart., in reply to his Speech on University Reform.* By the Rev. C. A. Row. Ridgway.

*A practical Question about Oxford considered, in a Letter to the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone.* By the Rev. D. Melville. Parker.

Now that the University Commissioners are named by the Crown, we may expect pamphlets and articles to multiply on the subject of abuses and reforms. Having laid our own views fully before the reader, we shall have little inclination to renew the discussion until a Report shall be made on authority, except in the case of publications of more than ordinary interest and importance coming before us. Such are the two works placed at the head of this article. Both issue from the pens of men well acquainted with the subject,—and who, although differing in their manner of stating the great questions at stake, arrive at precisely similar conclusions.

Mr. Row's pamphlet is a lucid and well-reasoned reply to the defence of the Universities—especially of Oxford—set up by Sir Robert Inglis in the House of Commons.—Mr. Melville confines himself to the one great feature of the expense of a college education.—To those who raise the primary objection, that whatever be the merits or defects of our University system, no power external to the corporations themselves has any right to interfere with them, the answer has been given in our columns—and it is here repeated by Mr. Row. The State has interfered with them already in the most formal and positive manner:—even ventured to transfer them from the original holders in the Papal period, and in defiance alike of statutes and founders' wills changed the whole system of doctrines taught in them. That the inquiry now about to be entered into was needed, has been shown again and again, and with great variety of illustration, by ourselves and others. The exclusiveness, the tests, the expense of education, the system of awarding degrees as certificates of age instead of marking by them scientific knowledge or literary acquirements,—all these points cry out loudly, as we have established and Mr. Row proves, for exposure and reform. The Universities belong to the people of England, and every man born on the soil has a claim to share in the advantages which they offer. As a

matter of strict historical title, the men who now close the academic gates on one half of their fellow-citizens have no right even to a place within them; but setting this aside as an argument of no practical value in the nineteenth century, it nevertheless seems monstrous that the English Catholic should be denied the solaces of learning in institutions founded and endowed expressly for him by the piety and liberality of his ancestors. The time demands a wiser policy if not greater charity in these social arrangements,—and the day must come when dogmatic tests will cease to exclude conscientious Englishmen from their native Universities. On this point some strong facts will come under the notice of the Royal Commissioners.

The expense of education is one of the chief subjects to which the attention of the inquirers should be directed. The Master of Pembroke—one of the best and cheapest colleges in Oxford—is a guarantee that all plans and suggestions bearing on this question of expense will receive careful consideration. Mr. Melville, "of Brazenose," proposes a scheme by which the expenses of the student could be fixed as low as 60*l.* a-year. According to his plan, each undergraduate would have one furnished apartment, constructed with a bed in a recess, for his private use. Besides the Common Hall as at present, there would be a commodious reading-room. All meals would be taken in common; supper or wine parties to be strictly forbidden. Mr. Melville calculates the expenses as follows:—rent of rooms, including service, coals and appointments, 18*l.* 18*s.* a-year; board, for twenty-seven weeks (the academic year) at 18*s.* a-week, 24*l.* 6*s.*; tuition fees, 16*l.* 16*s.*:—making altogether just 60*l.* Mr. Melville assures us that these payments, in halls of sixty men each, would not only meet all current demands, but would leave a margin large enough to discharge the interest of, and in a few years pay off, a loan sufficient to build (if need be) and start the establishment, without aid from alien sources.—Mr. Row names about 70*l.* as a fair yearly outlay under a reformed system; and as Mr. Melville excludes washing and the cost of taking a degree from his calculation, there is little or no difference between the two estimates. How many thousands in the middle ranks would be glad to send their sons to Oxford on such terms! Sir Robert Inglis declared in Parliament that some of the colleges of his University were much frequented by the middle classes:—he should remember that in both our national Universities there are barely 3,000 students,—a number quite insignificant compared with the population, and not equal to the number of persons who bear titles and occupy seats in the legislature. The special case referred to was Pembroke;—but the University member omitted to inform the house that this college will not accommodate quite 100 students altogether. A decisive proof that the public are anxious to avail themselves of the facilities offered by even partially-reformed colleges is, the fact stated by Mr. Row,—that the better and cheaper of them are already filled to overflowing, and that a youth must have his name on the register for years before entering. Sir Robert Inglis reasons like most other defenders of ancient abuse. Those among us who argue that our political constitution is perfect because under it Nelson beat the French and Arkwright invented the spinning jenny, are equally logical with the champion of the University who refuses to touch the old rules and statutes because a few great men have been produced under their rule. The illustration is unfortunately chosen, too; for if the abuses complained of are to take credit for the score of great writers and statesmen sent out from Oxford, they must of course be



held responsible for the ten thousand blockheads whom also it has produced. But we will not be so hard on a very unreasonable orator as to quote against him the consequences of his own theory; Oxford has little more to do with the genius or dulness of its scholars than Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights have to do with Masson mill and the Battle of Trafalgar.

We cordially recommend both these pamphlets to the attention of our readers.

*A Pilgrimage to the Land of my Fathers.* By the Rev. Moses Margoliouth. 2 vols. Bentley.

THIS book consists of a number of letters written by a converted Polish Jew, a clergyman of the Church of England, to various of his friends and patrons—including the Archbishops of Canterbury, York, and Dublin, Lord Palmerston, Lord Lindsay, Sir Thomas Baring, Dr. Neander, &c. &c.—during a tour to the Holy Land in 1847-8. The purpose for which the journey was undertaken is not distinctly stated; and we are left to suppose that what prompted the author was partly the natural desire which every Jew feels to visit once in his life the country of his fathers, and partly a kind of missionary zeal to make himself acquainted with the ecclesiastical condition of the Jewish communities all along the line of route between London and Jerusalem. The author's point of view is that of a Jewish Protestant officially connected with the Church of England,—interested as a Jew in all that pertains to the Jews—but more especially interested, by virtue of his character as a Jewish Christian of the English Church, in the prospects of the Jews with reference to Protestant Christianity. It is chiefly, therefore, such readers as are members of Jewish mission Societies who will find the book quite to their taste. There is, however, a considerable amount of information and gossip in it, calculated to recommend it even to readers whose activity does not take that direction.

Mr. Margoliouth gives us more of the pilgrimage to the land of his fathers than of the land itself,—for he does not get there till towards the latter half of the second volume. The letters which compose the first volume and the greater part of the second consist of loose jottings of what the author saw and heard at the principal places along his line of route:—i.e., at Paris, at Metz, at Orleans, at Lyons, at Marseilles, at Leghorn, at Malta, at Tunis, at Constantinople, at Smyrna, and at Cyprus. Paris, Marseilles, Malta, Tunis, and Constantinople are the places most largely treated of. Paris Mr. Margoliouth regards as the spot where a scholar may find the greatest facilities for the pursuit of all the branches of Oriental learning. Speaking of the *Ecole des Langues Orientales vivantes*, he says:—

"Ten professors are attached to this establishment, and lectures given publicly and *gratuitously* on the following languages: pure and vulgar Arabic, Persian, Turkish, Armenian, modern Greek and Greek palæography. Hindostanee, Thibetani, vulgar Chinese, Malay, and Javanese. Till similar institutions are established in the city of London, I would certainly recommend to all those who contemplate a pilgrimage to the East, to go first for a couple of months to Paris, and attend the lectures in the above institutions. They will be found of invaluable service."

The number of Jews in Paris Mr. Margoliouth estimates at 13,000,—almost universally the descendants, he says, either of Spanish or of Polish Jews; some of them very rich, others very poor, but the majority in highly comfortable circumstances. Religion "is at a low ebb" among the Parisian Jews,—most of them being, specu-

latively at least, "infidels." There are, he reckons, in and near the city about 350 families of Christian Jews; most of these are extremely wealthy, and most of them try to conceal the fact of their Hebrew descent. In England, too, some of these Christian Jews of Paris told him, there are about 100 very wealthy and accomplished families of Hebrew Christians (he was furnished with a list of them, and entered it in his note book) who in a similar way keep their pedigree a secret.

One of the most interesting passages in the book is an account given, in a letter written by the author from Marseilles, of two antique blocks of stone bearing Phœnician inscriptions, which he found attracting attention in that city. The two blocks, which are of considerable size,—the largest measuring forty-five feet in length, thirty-five feet in width, and ten feet in thickness—had been excavated from the site of an old house; and, having been recognized as relics of the ancient Phœnician era of the history of the town, had been taken charge of by the civic authorities. Several dissertations on them had been published; and casts having been taken of the inscriptions, attempts had been made to decipher them by more than one scholar. Carefully examining the inscriptions for himself, the author ascertained that they were, as had been already concluded, a record of the laws of sacrifice established by the Phœnicians of Marseilles for the regulation of one of the temples. He made a translation,—which is given in these volumes.

Apocryph of Malta, we have a discussion by Mr. Margoliouth of the vexed question whether this or the small island of Meleda in the Adriatic was the scene of St. Paul's shipwreck. He concludes in favour of Malta. We have, in his other letters from Malta, sketches of its history, topographical descriptions of some of its rites, curious specimens of its popular songs with appended translations, and considerations from the author's peculiar point of view relative to its social and ecclesiastical condition.

From Malta the author went to Tunis,—where, and in its neighbourhood, he remained several months. A large part of the work, therefore, embracing half of the first and a considerable portion of the second volume, is devoted to Tunis and Northern Africa. In connexion with this part of Mr. Margoliouth's book we have to note a circumstance likely to occasion misconception. Prefixed to the first volume, by way of vignette, is an odd-looking engraving, representing a gentleman in a cloak and fez, and wearing spectacles, leaning against a colossal piece of sculpture representing a female head. The vignette is entitled "Portrait of the Author, with the marble head of the Empress Theodora, discovered among the ruins of Carthage." Now, the impression regarding the book apt to be produced beforehand by such a vignette so labelled is, that here we have a production resembling in some measure Mr. Layard's book on Nineveh,—a work exhibiting, *inter alia*, the results of original researches on the site of ancient Carthage. The story of the vignette is simply this:—While Mr. Margoliouth was at Tunis, or shortly before, there was dug up on the site of Carthage a colossal female head of white marble; and Mr. Margoliouth going to see this relic, the British Vice-Consul, who accompanied him, and who observed that Mr. Margoliouth and the head were nearly of the same height, took a sketch of him leaning against it. The only claim that Mr. Margoliouth has to be associated with the relic at all, is, that he ventured on a random guess that the head must be that of the Empress Theodora, the wife of Justinian (A.D. 534). There is nothing throughout the book entitling Mr.

Margoliouth to any credit as respects investigation into the antiquities of Carthage. In one of his letters he gives a lively enough summary of Carthaginian history; but his account of his visit to the site of Carthage is, especially after the anticipations raised by the vignette, extremely meagre and disappointing. Here is a specimen.—

"I hinted that I was writing on the site and on the ruins of the ancient temple of Æsculapius. You may be wondering how I know that I am sitting on the identical spot. I have in my portfolio a couple of drawings of this place, a copy of which shall accompany this letter. It has been excavated by Sir Thomas Reade, the British Consul-General for this regency. Among the many Corinthian capitals which were laid bare, there are two of a very different and superior style from the rest; they lie in the foreground of this, and one of which serves me now as a table. These capitals are adorned by entwined snakes. I dare say you are aware that serpents were sacred, in days of yore, to that god of medicine, and you will therefore probably consider that there is slight ground to conclude that the capitals are fragments of a temple dedicated to that deified quack. We also learn from ancient writers that a temple in honour of that deity was erected in Carthage, not far from the shore, and that steps conducted from it to the sea. At present the sea is but within a stone's throw from the entrance into the temple. Many beautiful columns, not very thick, about two feet in diameter, and of red-grained marble, are to be seen on every side, and I am thus convinced that I sit amidst desolated greatness."

Mr. Margoliouth's accounts of Constantinople confirm the impressions of previous tourists, that in that capital of the East Mohammedanism is giving way.—

"It appears to me, from the conversation I had with different parties of different nations and of different creeds, that Islamism in Turkey is decidedly on the wane. Infidelity takes the place of Mohammedanism. The Sultan seems very partial to the advice of Christian statesmen, and it is rumoured that he contemplates ere long to throw open the sublime porte to their admission as statesmen. The present Sultan does no more swell out his titles to that prodigious amount to which his forefathers have aspired. \* \* He does not attempt either to tame or scourge the infidel and unbelieving race of Christians; and is, moreover, in daily apprehension of a sound flogging from that bear of a Christian, Nicolas; and if it were not for infidel France and the unbelieving race of English Christians, the poor Sultan would be a great deal tamer even than he is at present. All sorts of churches are multiplied. Islamism may be renounced with impunity, and Christians even admitted into mosques."

The author's slight account of what he saw and did after he had actually arrived in "the Land of his Fathers," is perhaps the least interesting part of his book,—and very little information of any kind is to be got out of it. The following advice to intending travellers in Palestine is the only passage that seems worth quoting.—

"Do not attempt to provide yourself with tents, canteens, or even eatables. Do as my friends and myself have done in this our expedition, and you will find the experiment a capital one. We contracted with a couple of Christian Arabs, of good report, to supply us with tents, horses, mules, eatables—breakfast, dinner, supper, &c., for twenty francs per day, individually. So that we had no occasion to trouble ourselves about the little things, which are great annoyances, incident to a pilgrimage of this kind. We drew up a written agreement, and specified most minutely the respective conditions on both sides, even the different dishes we were to have at our different meals. It was furthermore agreed that when we came to a respectable place, such as Baalbeck, Damascus, Nazareth, &c., where an inn exists, that we take up our abode in the hotel for the same fare per day, and for our contractors to settle with the innkeepers. You may travel comfortably for 12 per day in this manner in Palestine."

Altogether, there is much to object to in this book. In the first place, the odds and ends of

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real interest that are scattered throughout it might have been presented in a much more compendious form. Then, in a book pretending to learning we do not like to see Latin and Greek quotations almost uniformly misprinted, as they are in these volumes. The English, too, is somewhat helpless; but in one to whom the language is not native, this is to be excused. More displeasing, however, than such defects of literary execution in the book is, a prevailing meanness of view that runs through it. There is no high or generous appreciation even of ecclesiastical matters in it; the author's whole intellectual procedure consisting, as it seems, in an application, wherever he goes, of these three tests:—1. A Jew or not a Jew? 2. If a Jew, a converted Jew or not a converted Jew? 3. If a converted Jew, a Catholic converted Jew or a Protestant converted Jew? Farther, there is a tone of rather offensive vanity in the book,—if not of something worse. How the author puzzled this or that Rabbi with arguments, and came off from a debate with great éclat,—what compliments he received from the young ladies, and how they made him blush;—these things, often repeated, may be the effect of innocent naïveté,—but they look like something else. Once or twice, too, we found ourselves getting distrustful as we read.—A merit of the book that does much to counteract these faults is, its liveliness of manner. This, conjoined with the circumstance that it does contain scraps of matter of some value, makes it readable. The author seems to like a joke,—and relates a bit of mischief with glee. Perhaps the best thing of this kind in the book is, the story of an English servant who being sent by his mistress—a young lady bent on learning Hebrew—to purchase “all the Hebrew roots” for her, went to the market and bought up the entire stock of Jerusalem artichokes.

*Proceedings of the Zoological Society of London for 1849.* Longman & Co.

HOWEVER anxious we may be to see a union of some of the Societies of the metropolis, we cannot conceal from ourselves that the management of the old or parent associations must undergo a complete change to fit them for such an amalgamation. The Zoological Society,—started under the most favourable auspices,—had fallen a few years ago into the condition of its older brethren. The gardens drooped,—the museum was closed,—the meetings were dull, prosy and thinly attended. When things were at the worst, a new officer was appointed,—and “hey, presto!” all was changed. The gardens grew into the most fashionable, as well as the most popular, of resorts,—the museum again courted the light of day,—the meetings of the Society were well attended:—and here we have a volume of Proceedings more interesting and better illustrated than the Transactions of half the Societies of Europe. All this has been achieved, not by profound science and zoological lore; but simply by what was wanting where these abounded—common sense. If some of our great philosophers would condescend to the more frequent use of this very vulgar element of success, we are sure that the bodies with which they are connected would have less reason to complain. Why should not the Linnean Society publish Proceedings as interesting as these of the Zoological? Instead of which,—they have not published Transactions at all for three years. We advise Mr. Bennett to take a lesson from Mr. Mitchell,—and see what can be done with the Council of the Linnean. That Society will certainly expire of inanition if the younger associations are thus allowed to go a-head of it.

The volume before us of the Proceedings of the Zoological Society contains the papers—or abstracts of them—read at the evening meetings during the year 1849. The number of plates—some of which are got up in first-rate style—is twenty-seven. Many of the papers are of great value,—and some are of much popular interest. Here we have, in the account of the meeting of the 11th of December, the letter from the Hon. C. A. Murray in which he announces his acquisition for the Society of a live hippopotamus,—with a description of the creature,—followed by a prediction, since fully realized, that the animal “will be the most attractive object ever seen in the garden.” There is a drawing of the youthful prodigy as he presented himself in Cairo,—when he was described as being as “tame and playful as a Newfoundland puppy.” He has somewhat changed in appearance since this portrait was taken. We understand there is a probability of his having a companion soon;—and this not long since almost fabulous creature of the Nile may not impossibly become as domesticated amongst us as the ox and the horse. Mr. Cumming describes his foot as excellent, boiled, for breakfast,—and such a delicacy may yet repay the trouble of introducing and rearing him in this country. Should he hereafter haunt the borders of the Thames, it will not be for the first time. Prof. Owen assures us that the remains of the hippopotamus are very abundant in the London clay.

Some new monkeys, a new goat, a hybrid bull and a rodent occupy the remaining illustrated papers on mammalia in this volume.—Amongst birds, we benefit by the leisure of the ex-vic-president of the Roman Republic. It is not our province to criticize the political career of the Prince of Canino; but if he be as good a legislator as he is a zoologist, Rome has lost even more in his person than zoological science has gained.—Mr. Gould has lately turned his attention to that most beautiful group of animals the humming-birds,—and has described some new ones in this volume. We are sure that we express the wish of thousands when we say, we should like to see a live humming-bird. Now, we put it to Mr. Mitchell whether, having secured a live hippopotamus, he could not engage a live humming-bird? A cage of these elegant creatures would excite as much interest as the young sea-cow itself. Mr. Gosse tells us that he nearly succeeded in bringing some home to England:—a prize of 500*l.* we will answer for it, would bring a score. Besides humming-birds, Mr. Gould has described and given a plate of a winged creature from Australia which he says “must be placed in the first rank of the many beautiful birds” inhabiting that country. He has dedicated it to the Queen by the name of *Ptiloris Victoria*.

From birds, we descend to reptiles.—Lieut. Tyler has furnished a very interesting paper on the serpents of St. Lucia. We confess that, whilst reading Lieut. Tyler's account we inwardly rejoiced that we were not obliged to live in St. Lucia. The population is, we believe, not large; yet he says that twenty persons die annually from the bites of serpents,—and that not more die of those who are bitten than one in twenty. A serpent called the rat-tail is the source of most of this mischief. He is a horrid fellow,—five or six feet in length; differing from the rattlesnake as a new policeman does from an old watchman—principally in not having a rattle. It is a comfort to be informed that this creature has an enemy in one of its own race, the clibro. This serpent is itself venomous: but boldly attacks the rat-tail,—whose poison has no influence on its system. A fight often ensues,—but the clibro, though smaller than

its enemy, generally manages to make a meal of him by swallowing him head first.

From reptiles, we pass on to fish:—and here Mr. J. E. Gray—the greatest authority living on animal curiosities—gives a full account of the sea serpent discovered in the Cosmorama Rooms, Regent Street, last summer. This creature was of course not a serpent, but a fish:—a long fish, a rare fish, and unfortunately a dead fish, but nevertheless very interesting to ichthyologists. In describing it at the time, we called it a *Gymnetrus*—but Mr. Gray says it is a *Regalecus*. Several specimens, it appears, have from time to time been seen on our coasts.

The papers in this volume are not confined to the higher animals:—there are a number, with illustrations, on various forms of invertebrata. Among these the mollusca are most numerous. The collection of Mr. Cumming supplies an inexhaustible source of these creatures,—a large number of which have been described in the present work by Messrs. Gray, Reeve and Adams. It is somewhat consoling to find that if the Government of this country will not devote money for the purchase of this collection, we have naturalists who devote their time to describing the treasures contained in Mr. Cumming's cabinets. The naturalists of England will have the honour of describing these previously unknown forms of animal life even if our Government should allow the originals to be sold to a foreign country.—The announcement of insects by Mr. Westwood and corals by Mr. M'Andrew must close our notice of this volume:—but a word or two more on the Society.

One of the objects of this Society is, to exhibit living specimens of rare animals. Why should they not have invertebrate as well as vertebrate animals,—those that live in the water as well as those that live in the air? Glass is cheap:—why should they not have a collection of fishes and marine animals? If the people at the Polytechnic can keep a *Gymnotus* for the admiration of their company, surely the Zoological Society may do the same. They have reptiles:—why should they not have star-fishes, sea eggs, and sea cucumbers? They have a hippopotamus:—why should they not have a whale,—or at least a porpoise, or a dolphin? It is idle to talk of difficulties:—the sea cow is an answer to all such arguments. Cost what it might, it has repaid them! Sea water may be got every day from the sea, at a trifling expense,—even if the company for bringing sea-water into London should not succeed.

One other point,—and we have done. Why do not the Society have lectures in their Gardens? They have tried a military band,—and it has answered. Let them try a band of lecturers,—we are convinced that the public would appreciate this. The Zoological Society has the power not only to advance science, but to confer a great social benefit,—and we hope they will not forego the opportunities of increased usefulness which are now open before them. Already they have done wonders,—and there is no place of recreation in London that combines so much of amusement and instruction as their Gardens. They have had a brilliant season,—and the path to a brilliant future lies clear before them.

NEW NOVELS.

*The Luttrells; or, the Two Marriages.* By Folkestone Williams, Esq., Author of ‘Shakespeare and his Friends,’ ‘Maid of Honour,’ &c. &c. 3 vols. Colburn.

*The Double Oath; or, the Rendezvous.* By the Baroness de Calabrella, Author of ‘The Tempter and the Tempted.’ 3 vols. Bentley.

WE may here say that a recent novel or two have been quietly allowed by us to pass into



the world of waste paper,—because they were so very remarkable for mediocrity, if that be not a contradiction in terms, that the reader has only to imagine the poorest, most insipid composition within his recollection, and satisfy his mind that the tales dismissed were some degrees more meagre and tasteless than that. It would not have served any good purpose to point out how bad beginnings led into bad middles and came to bad ends. Let the tales in question rest in peace!

But over histories and mysteries by well-known and approved hands silence is not permitted, even to the most charitable. The first of the works before us is at once a surprise and a disappointment. Some years ago we had pleasure in commending the Shakespeare novels of Mr. Folkestone Williams. His 'Maid of Honour' we thought more tedious and less happy,—still not without merit; but from that novel to 'The Luttrells' the descent is long and abrupt. The latter work exhibits one of the most extravagant arrangements of extravagant incidents that we recollect to have encountered. The tragedy of rivalry betwixt father and son was pathetically, musically, poetically told in 'Mirandola'; the horrors of antipathy betwixt men so near of kin were displayed outrageously enough in 'Miserrimus,'—to the outrageousness of which we the more freely allude by way of illustration, seeing that its author is no longer within reach of pain from mortal censure. Thus, the only originality in this story, is the courage displayed in once again venturing to handle one of the most unlovely inventions that nightmare ever suggested to the melodramatist straining after horror. Mr. Williams's vein is the gentle and the quaint; and accordingly he seems to have been at a loss how effectively to stir the

Eye of newt and toe of frog,

so as to

Make the gruel thick and slab,

and withal a brewage that persons objecting to rank poison may drink without peril. Between his subject and his conscience, his tale has suffered some injury. Intending to be terrible, he has reached only the negative point of disagreeableness; desirous of reconciling everything, and conciliating everybody, he has brought about his catastrophe by explanations so forced that no power of belief can accept them. How Mr. Luttrell No. 1 and Mr. Luttrell No. 2 married the same farmer's daughter,—how No. 1 knocked No. 2 down, and was subsequently murdered,—how No. 2, accused of the crime, and disappearing on the occasion, was credited with having committed suicide,—how Mr. Luttrell No. 3, thought by No. 2 to be the son of No. 1, and met by No. 2 in single combat, turned out to be the son of said No. 2,—and how after all this Nos. 2 and 3 went out from India (in which land No. 2 had hidden himself) lovingly together, "and lived happy ever after,"—we will not discuss.—Will any one esteem us unreasonable for earnestly wishing that Mr. Folkestone Williams may in any future novels return to his own ground of gentle antiquarianism, if the alternative is to be such a monstrosity as this?

We have less to say concerning 'The Double Oath' of the Baroness de Calabrella. In one main incident—that of a young lady sacrificing herself to preserve a friend's secret—her invention has been forestalled by Miss Edgeworth, in that lady's excellent and highly-finished novel of 'Helen.' But there are other truths illustrated, and characters drawn, and humours touched in 'The Double Oath.' Once again, the poor very rich lady who tries for fashionable distinction is exhibited with satirical intentions,—the authoress forgetting that the con-

tempt should lie on the world, whose vulgar acceptance of any one capable of buying a position encourages such gross and silly pretension. Then, there is the passionate Italian singing-master, who sings and is passionate in more romances than private families. Something we know of the class,—but never caught amongst them even "a waving of the gown" of any sublime and vengeful creature such as the Signor Torsini here pictured. In brief, the Baroness de Calabrella has used the novelist's stock in trade rather than materials by herself collected. She writes of men, women and society in a spirit meaning to be kind and sensible, —but the meaning is not borne out by the execution of her 'Double Oath.'

*Instinct and Reason: deduced from Electro-Biology.* By Alfred Smee, F.R.S. Reeve & Co.

THE name of Mr. Smee is well known to the cultivators of the science of electricity. He is the inventor of a convenient and elegant voltaic battery; and his experiments on the physical process of nervous excitation are curious and ingenious,—and may lead to important discoveries in physiology. Perhaps those discoveries may ultimately result in accessions to our knowledge of purely mental processes. Very striking analogies are often observed in the laws which regulate different departments of nature. The facts of one science suggest the facts of another; and it is not impossible that the operations of body and mind may be so far connected by general resemblances that phenomena of the former, in a more advanced state of knowledge, may sometimes put us on the track of corresponding phenomena of the latter,—and that mental science may be thus indirectly improved and extended.

But results of this character, we are disposed to think, will scarcely be realized by experiments, assumptions, and speculations like those detailed in the book before us. We give the author credit for his powers of patient observation and ingeniously devised experiment; he is evidently a man with a taste for scientific pursuits. But these qualities are not sufficient for the investigation and establishment of a theory of mind. Mr. Smee may, we think, with honour to himself and with benefit to society, continue to employ his talents in the cultivation of *practical* science. The report of his observations will be received with respect and attention,—his attempts at theorizing will probably meet with less success. In our opinion, the speculative part of the book before us is a failure.

It is difficult to explain the inconsistency of the moves of an indifferent player at chess; and to state plainly and concisely what Mr. Smee's theory here presented really is, and then to point out its deficiencies, is a task similar in kind. It is not always easy,—indeed, it is at times nearly impossible,—to detect Mr. Smee's exact meaning. In an essay on so slippery a subject as the connexion between mind and matter,—wherein every single word *tells*,—lucid method and logical expression are indispensable. Mr. Smee fails in logic, and is unable to accomplish method. His work is a singular aggregation of materials apposite and inapposite,—drawn from the most varied sources, and often commingled with a quaint and grotesque incongruity quite amusing. Among these sources, Mr. Smee's former work on *Electro-biology* [see *Athen.* No. 1122] is laid under heavy contribution. Indeed, the most important portions of the present treatise seem so much like a repetition of what scientific readers already possessed in Mr. Smee's former work, that their republication was scarcely expedient. We see no reason for altering the judgment which we

formerly expressed respecting the merits of the writer's theory. The difficulties which we then pointed out are not removed by either the objections or the anecdotes introduced into the present volume. The chasm which separates mind from matter is not arched over by the discoveries of Mr. Smee. The same train of thought, the same theory of mind, and, we must add, the same confusion of ideas and misunderstanding of the real problem to be solved, the same inadequacy of expression, are apparent in both treatises:—so that the latter treatise is, in effect, a new book made with old contents.

As some of our readers may feel interested in learning more precisely what the electro-biological theory of Mr. Smee really is, we will endeavour to present them with a sketch of the views of that gentleman, patiently and painfully collected and condensed from his works.

Life and mind, Mr. Smee urges, have no existence apart from organization: sensation, memory, volition, judgment, and other operations of the kind usually characterized as mental, are nothing but functions of the nervous system. The more complicated the process of any mental operation, the higher or more complex the organization of the portion of the nervous system by which such function or operation is performed. The mechanism of the nervous system is entirely voltaic: the vascular tissue of any organ under excitement, the motor and the sensor nerves connecting that organ with the brain, and, lastly, the brain itself, together form a double series of voltaic batteries: and these batteries are in a state of action during the continuance of any mental operation appertaining to the organ. All mental phenomena, no matter of what kind, whether simple or complex, from the opening of the shell of an oyster to the discovery of the planet Neptune or the conception of Mr. Smee's theory, may therefore be resolved into the passage of a current of electricity through one or more portions of the nervous system; and, to quote our author's own words, "lightning and thought are the results of the same force acting under different circumstances." The nature or the character, however, of what are usually called mental manifestations depends on the number and the complexity of the nervous fibrils excited in any particular instance. Thus, the excitation of a few fibrils simply arranged produces sensation, or the first degree of mental manifestation; the excitation of a greater number of fibrils, differently situated in the nervous system and arranged with greater complexity, produces, say, imagination; a still higher degree of organization produces judgment:—and so on successively through the mental operations until we arrive at ratiocination, which is the product or attribute of the greatest number of fibrils arranged with the highest degree of complexity. Passing over the metaphysical or logical distinctions between the mental faculties,—all these phenomena of animal life are thus resolved into *functions* of a less or greater development of nervous organization, and accordingly, we must seek to distinguish satisfactorily the limitations of these several faculties by the attentive study of comparative neurology,—we must ascend from the body to the mind, from the substance to the attribute. The nervous mechanism requisite for simple sensation and consequent muscular movement on the part of the animal, would appear to demand only the excitation of one pair of voltaic batteries; and in animals which simply feel and move, the nervous system *ought* to be nothing but a series of such simple batteries. In animals capable of imagination the nervous system will be found to be different. In the exercise of such a faculty, not only does a



first pair of batteries act, but such action probably induces activity in a second pair of batteries situated somewhere in the brain; and from the combined action of the four pairs of batteries, or from the sole activity of the second pair thus excited, may result the animal function called imagination. By multiplying the number of our pairs of batteries, and by exalting the stages of their activity, we thus get a remarkably lucid and intelligible explanation of the various orders of mental phenomena. Certain batteries, of course, will be discovered in the human brain which do not exist, or exist only in the rudimentary state, in the brain of the lower animals. Again—as a voltaic current is always found to produce some permanent modification in the composition of the fluid in the cells of a battery, so does the occurrence of any mental operation (which, if we do not misunderstand Mr. Smee, is identical with the passage of such a current,) produce an analogous change in the brain; and thus the chemical properties of the brain become permanently altered by every such occurrence, and an "impression" corresponding to every mental operation is indelibly "registered" in the brain. This theory of "impressions" is Mr. Smee's explanation of the phenomena of memory.

The above will give our readers a sufficient notion of the nature of Mr. Smee's hypothesis.

*Handbook for Travellers in Devon and Cornwall; with Maps. Murray.*

It is a good service done by Mr. Murray to the travelling public of England—who now rush from home by thousands where tens used to go forth demurely—to have produced for its guidance and comfort a Red Book embracing the counties of Devon and Cornwall. Few districts within our island are richer than these in objects of peculiar interest. The latter county in particular has a physiognomy and a local colour entirely distinct from those of any other shire in the domains of Her Majesty. There is wildness without savagery in it:—a mixture of stern rock and rich genial vegetation such as is to be found in no more northern latitude. Even its moors and hill-lanes at this time of year glow so resplendently with the purple of heath and the deep gold of furze as to lose their dreariness; while the pilgrim can hardly diverge a mile from any of the great roads led across the rock-ridges which articulate the skeleton of the county without diving into some warm sheltered valley, with its quaint farm-houses and its picturesque church, and its old trees rich in foliage, and its bright stream hurrying down to the sea. Then, there is the striking scenery on the shores of the ocean:—the mine of Botallack, where the miner works with the ocean roaring over his head,—the picturesque Mount of St. Michael with its castle,—the headland with the ruin of Tintagel, where King Arthur held his court,—and many a labyrinth of less famous coves and caves and *keives*, well worth a summer day's loitering,—not to forget the two churches,—“the last church” at Perranzabuloe, and the one near Padstow, half buried in the sand,—the latter about as striking a central object for a gentle scene of desolation as we have ever seen. There are old houses, each in itself a curiosity even were it not stuffed full of legends, many of which even now are one-half believed by its present occupants, who tell them to the less credulous stranger,—as Mr. Carne and Mrs. Bray will warrant us in asserting. Then, the people have characteristics of their own; whether we deal with the mining population, with their curious under-ground knowledge and under-ground trickery,—or with the fishers and farmers on the coast, who may be seen liveried in one colour when the season has been lucky in wrecks,—

as, for instance, after the loss of the Samaritan, which clad all the children for many a mile round St. Minver in the brightest of bright yellow cotton for a good eighteen months.—The very saints of Cornwall are special. They have the oddest of odd names,—such as

seek through the world are not met with elsewhere;

—to wit, St. Eneodoc, St. Wenn, St. Kew, St. Ives, St. Izzy, St. Tudy, St. Breock, St. Mawgan, St. Minver, St. Mabyn,—and half a score besides equally euphonious.

It would be impossible in a few hasty paragraphs to run through a tithe of the claims which the extreme western counties possess on those who in travelling seek what is peculiar and characteristic. Suffice it to add, that while this Handbook is agreeably compiled, it has hardly been completed with the care which distinguishes Mr. Murray's Continental guides. The editor is often needlessly vague, sometimes capriciously silent. To instance:—when Place House above Fowey, and the singularly directed energy of its late owner, Mr. Treffry, were mentioned, a more precise account should have been given of the curious porphyry hall built by Mr. Treffry without any apparent possibility of its being on a future day connected with the mansion.—If the vale of Mawgan, again, was to be specified, how is it that we have not a word of Llanherne, erst an old manor-house of the Arundels, and now a nunnery of the most hermetical seclusion?—It is sufficient, however, to call attention to this slackness of hand:—since in future editions it will be easy to give the outlines which this Red Book contains a richer filling-up than they at present possess, if we are to judge from the passages of which personal knowledge enables us to speak.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

*Dilston Hall; or, Memoirs of the Right Hon. James Radcliffe, Earl of Derwentwater, a Martyr in the Rebellion of 1715. To which is added, a Visit to Bamburgh Castle: with an account of Lord Creve's Charities, a Memoir of the noble Founder, &c. &c. By William Sidney Gibson.*—The designation above cited of the last Earl of Derwentwater will prepare the reader for a thoroughly Jacobite memoir of one of the most gracious figures belonging to modern historical romance. Courteous, brave, amiable, devoted by his faithful and fanatic loyalty to one of the weakest and most ungrateful princes for whom the blood of true men was ever poured out,—a tender and chivalrous interest will always attach to the name and to the fate of the Earl of Derwentwater, whatever be the politics of the historian or of his reader. The enthusiasm, however, of the author before us is almost feverish for everything bearing the name of Stuart. He is no less fervently afflicted by the evil doings of “the dark ages of Puritanism, Pines and Plaster;” never reining in his zeal to inquire how much of the Ironside ferocity was the inevitable consequence of the falsity of the race which he so reverently deifies. But Mr. Gibson's views would not have prevented this volume from being considered as a welcome addition to those stores of our English local family history, which are so useful as materials, so interesting as separate studies,—were his style less high sentimental than it is. There are not many new facts. The well-known incidents of the campaign, the trial, the sentence, and the execution of the rebel Lord, have the pathos of one of the ancient ballad stories, to which we are never tired of listening;—but here we have the old ballad pranked out almost as tawdrially as if it had been done in the school of Della Crusca.

*Heligoland; or, Reminiscences of Childhood: a genuine Narrative of Facts. By an Officer's Daughter; edited by Mrs. C. W.*—This title is calculated to mislead the reader; since we find only a prefatory chapter devoted to the strange bleak spot at the mouth of the Elbe which gives its name to the book,—while the body of the narrative is devoted to the adventures of two very young orphan

children, suddenly deprived of both parents, and tells how they made their way home to London, through England, and across the Channel to their relations in Dublin. This is not well told. There is doubtless much in such reminiscences to stir the sympathies and to quicken devotional feeling. But the author has not learned the virtue of economy,—and with the best intentions, is so profuse in the employment of her peculiar phraseology as to produce an effect the reverse of her intention.

*Transactions of the Kilkenny Archaeological Society for the Year 1849.*—This meritorious association was formed only, as we learn from the report, at the close of 1848:—and the work before us contains its proceedings during its first year. We are glad to be able to speak very favourably of them; and we wish that in all parts of the empire similar Societies were established for the discovery and preservation of antiquities belonging to the respective neighbourhoods. Supposing such local associations to be formed, we know not why they should not correspond with the Society of Antiquaries of London; which, as our readers are aware, already exists under the sanction of a royal charter, and has for more than a century devoted its attention to the subjects in which all such bodies are interested. Thus, in time, an accumulation of objects and information of great interest would take place,—and it would be known at the centre what monuments of a former period have been anywhere brought to light, and how far they accord with similar discoveries in other districts of the country. There are many such local associations in England; and we are apprehensive that useful knowledge may sometimes be lost, or only imperfectly employed, because they have no direct connexion with the parent society in the metropolis. This Society annually devotes large sums to the promulgation of intelligence relating to the institutions, structures and habits of our forefathers. We strongly recommend the Society of Antiquaries of London to open a correspondence for this purpose with all the local bodies in England, Scotland and Ireland. The production in our hands shows that very able assistance may be rendered in the sister kingdom,—and the list of subscribers appended indicates that in Kilkenny there is no lack of zeal in the matter. The topics discussed are important and curious. It has been long known that no portion of the British empire contains more to animate and reward the antiquary than Ireland. The stone engravings illustrative of the subjects in this volume are very good. This style of Art affords cheap facilities quite unknown some twenty or thirty years ago.

*The Screw Fleet of the Navy.* By E. P. Halsted, Capt. R.N.—This treatise, which is dedicated to the First Lord of the Admiralty, has for its object the improvement of our steam navy. Capt. Halsted has plainly shown that our ill-looking armed steamers, black and ugly with their ball-proof paddle boxes, might be superseded by a handsome race of frigates which should be perfect sailing ships,—to whose “white wings” the auxiliary screw-propeller might be applied with the utmost advantage. We think, from having examined and admired many individuals of the beautiful screw fleet on the Mersey, that the advantages are, as Capt. Halsted has pointed out, too obvious to be long neglected even by the supine rulers of our naval architecture. These advantages are, as stated, “the absence of all impediment to the traditional full-armed broadside; the ship herself a fully-furnished and independent sailing ship; the economy of using sail-power or steam-power, at option; the employment of machinery entirely protected from shot.”

*The Manufacture of Iron, in all its various branches.* By Frederick Overman.—Mr. Overman is a mining engineer in Philadelphia; but he has availed himself of the practical experience of the great iron works of the old continent in this publication for the manufacturers of America. It is impossible to give anything like a digest of a work like this,—which, its author says, “has been written with a special regard to practical utility.” All the varieties of iron ore,—particularly such as occur in America—are accurately described; the various modes of reduction in all parts of the world are detailed, and the characters of the furnaces employed given,—the latter being illustrated by woodcuts; and the whole

process of producing marketable iron, and its conversion into steel, finds place in this volume. The book contains, accordingly, a very large amount of the most valuable information, given, as far as the subject would admit, in a style at once clear and free from the dulness which too frequently characterizes works devoted to the science of manufactures.

*Figures and Descriptions illustrative of British Organic Remains.* Decade 3.—This publication forms a portion of the Memoirs of the Geological Survey of Great Britain. The intention is, to publish with all the rapidity possible a series of decades in which the more remarkable British fossils will be figured and described. The materials for this work are naturally furnished during the progress of the great work of the survey, and from the extreme care taken in the drawings of the figures and the delicate and exact character of the engravings, these plates will eventually form a very beautiful and valuable collection. Examples of these organic remains will be found in the collections of the Museum of Practical Geology, which will in a short time be open to the public.

*Sacred Streams: the Ancient and Modern History of the Rivers of the Bible.* By P. H. Gosse.—A compilation, with little or no pretension to scholarship, got up for the use of Sunday school teachers and others, and enriched by a number of pretty but fanciful, rather than authentic, illustrations of famous sites and scenes in Hebrew history.

*The Pope: considered in his Relations with the Church, Temporal Sovereignty, Separated Churches, and the cause of Civilization.* By Joseph Count de Maistre. Translated by the Rev. Æneas Mac D. Dawson.—The Count de Maistre, of voluminous rather than luminous memory, published the original of this work—as most of our readers know—while ambassador at the Court of St. Petersburg; where his knowledge of Slavic idioms enabled him to enrich it with extracts from the little-known ritual-books of the Greek and Russian churches. To many controversialists this circumstance gave the book a value to which its own merits do not entitle it. Though well known to the few interested in religious polemics, it has never before been deemed worthy of the honours of an English dress. The Count's chief aim was to establish the doctrine of the Pope's individual infallibility—contrary to the ideas, maintained with rare learning and critical acumen, of the greater French divines, such as Bossuet and Fleury. But his reasoning is as weak as his assumptions are startling. It is of no use that Bossuet shows that this monstrous pretension was first broached at the Council of Florence, and that Fleury traces the authorship of it to the Dominican Cajetan, in the time of Julius II. The Count de Maistre persists in believing it to have been admitted long before it was heard of:—observing at the same time, with great simplicity, that the good Catholic “believes without discussion.” The historical proof being confessedly in this condition, one may safely pass over in silence all the arguments drawn from “charity” and metaphysics.

*An Analysis and Summary of Old Testament History and the Law of Moses.* By the Author of ‘An Outline and Summary of Herodotus.’—This analysis is carried out on the same principle as that of the History of Herodotus described in a former number of the *Athenæum*, and the result is, an abbreviation of Jewish history as found in the old Scriptures, which cannot fail to be useful to a large class of students. We should be glad to see such writers as Polybius, Livy and Dion translated into this compendious form. The arrangement throws the digressions and episodes of story into separate divisions, and enables the reader to pursue the main thread of events or turn aside into the bye-ways of the historian at his option. We must add, that numerous tables of coins, summaries of events, analyses of law systems, and other important matters are appended,—as well as occasional foot-notes, containing the more ordinary comments in elucidation of the Hebrew texts.

*The Modern Linguist; or, Conversations in English and French.—The Modern Linguist; or, Conversations in English and German.—The Modern Linguist; or, Conversations in English, French, and German.* By A. Bartells.—The titles of these books sufficiently explain their nature. We have only to

add, that the English is the same in each, and the last contains the French and German which are found separately in the two former. The sentences are well chosen, and include modern terms relating to steam-boats, railways, &c.;—but we cannot say that they are always well translated.

*The Drainage Engineer and General Land Improver.* By John Linehan, C.E.—Since all our useful plants require a dry and warm soil to insure a timely germination of the seed, and to promote their growth and maturity, careful drainage is to the agriculturist a subject of the first importance. This is pretty generally recognized now; and there are few farmers who leave their lands undrained, excepting those whose poverty impedes the progress of improvement.—To all who are interested in the matter of agricultural drainage this publication will prove of interest. It is evidently the work of a practical man who has been long directing works of the nature of those of which he treats. The author has brought his experience to aid the experiments and observations of others, and has constructed a series of rules and arranged a system of working so as to obtain the best results at the smallest cost.—The work is illustrated by some explanatory engravings, which will materially assist in conveying a correct knowledge of the author's views.

*A Memoir on the Roman Garrison at Mancunium: and its probable Influence on the Population and Language of South Lancashire.* By James Black, M.D.—Having been struck, while in South Lancashire, with the singular physical organization of the Lancashire witch and the man of Heaton, as well as with certain peculiarities of dialect, Dr. Black began a series of investigations into their historic causes. These have ended in convincing him that they may be traced to the presence of the Roman cohorts in early times:—it being well known that many of the legionaries brought over with them their wives and children, and settled in the land they were sent to hold in subjection. They were not, however, Romans, but Frisians.—The theory has at least a semblance of probability.

*On the Strength of Materials; containing various original and useful Formulae specially applied to Tubular Bridges, wrought-iron and cast-iron Beams, &c.* By Thomas Tate.—This book is so purely technical that we can do no more than direct attention to it. Mr. Tate is already well known by several very useful works on mechanics and surveying,—and in the mathematical investigation of the cohesive powers of iron beams and rectangular cells he displays his usual ability. To the practical engineer this book will be valuable as furnishing general formulae:—at the same time we must confess we should feel disposed to rely more confidently on the deductions of experiment than on the theoretical proof afforded by the most rigid mathematical investigation. Mr. Tate, however, pays a well merited compliment to the experiments of Messrs. Stephenson, Fairbairn and Hodgkinson that led to the perfection of the Tubular Bridges of the Conway and Menai Straits.

*A Word in Season; or, What next for Ireland? Containing Mr. O'Connell's Repeal Agitation;—Nationality;—A New Political System for Ireland;—Political Associations;—Summary;—General Hints for Irish Legislation.*—There is some truth mixed up with a great deal of bitterness in the observations contained in this brochure. The writer is evidently an Irishman: he looks on a repeal of the Union—the meeting of a domestic parliament in Dublin—as a thing desirable in itself, but unattainable. Experience has taught him the vanity of hoping to extort by force the consent of England to the separate “nationality”; and, like many disappointed patriots, he has come to regard the “mob” with feelings of almost vindictive contempt. The same mob, he says, who hounded the “young Irishmen” into treason and then abandoned them “would have assembled in thousands to see them hanged.” Possibly so. “The ungrateful scoundrels are not worth your care,” said a negro owner to a celebrated abolitionist, “they are the greatest liars and drunkards,—the idlest and most vicious creatures under heaven.”—“Those are the very reasons why I must care for them,” replied the other:—a reply conceived in a far-seeing spirit. Because Ireland may not be able to set up as a separate kingdom or republic, it does not follow that nothing

can be done to mitigate those evils which are real and independent of all agitation. Among these, the writer before us wisely counsels an immediate attention to the state of the representation.

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Ainsworth's Works, Vol. XI. Jack Sheppard, 1s. 6d. bds. 2s. 6d. Clements's Customs Guide for 1850-51, 12mo. 6s. 6d. Cooper's (W. D.) History of Winchester, 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl. Cowper's (G.) Recollections of Forest Life, 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl. Davies's (J.) Life, by Sir T. Phillips, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl. Ewbank's Comment on St. Paul's Epistle to Romans, Vol. I. 4to. 6s. 6d. Freeman's (Dr. G. R.) Chemical Analysis, Qualitative, 3rd ed. 8vo. 12s. 6d. Hall's (Rev. T. G.) Elements of Algebra, 8vo. 7s. 6d. Haslam's (W.) The Cross and the Serpent, cr. 8vo. 6s. 6d. Howard's (H.) Anatomy and Pathology of the Eye, 8vo. 12s. 6d. Life of a Vagrant, new ed. 12mo. 1s. 6d. Light in Darkness, by Mrs. Catherine Crowe, 3 vols. 11s. 6d. cl. Lytton's (Sir E. B.) The Pilgrims of the Rhine, new ed. 3s. 6d. cl. Milnes's (R.) Treasury Harmony of the Evangelists, 7s. 6d. cl. Raphael's Prophetic Messenger for 1851, 12mo. 5s. 6d. Rowbotham's (T.) Art of Sketching from Nature, 12mo. 1s. 6d. Sullivan's Dictionary of Derivatives, 4th ed. cr. 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl. Smith's (Seba) New Elements of Geometry, 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl. Standard Novels, Vol. CXX. Chamier's Life of a Sailor, 1s. 6d. cl. Taylor's (Jeremy) Works, by Rev. G. P. Eden, Vol. VIII. 12mo. 6s. 6d. Thacker's Course's Annual Remembrance, 1849-50, 8vo. 11s. 6d. cl. Thelwall's (Rev. A. S.) The Heidelberg Catechism, 12mo. 1s. 6d. cl. Thelwall's Exercises in Education, in Verse and Prose, 8vo. 6s. 6d. cl. Ungewitter's Manual of Geography and History of Europe, 12mo. 6s. 6d. Wilson's (Rev. Dr.) The Bible Student's Guide, 4to. 2s. 6d. cl. Woodman's (Rev. W.) Baptism, its True Nature, Object, &c. 2s. 6d. cl.

## THE ARCTIC EXPEDITIONS.

THE North Star—which sailed, as our readers know, in the spring of last year, with stores and provisions for the relief of Sir John Franklin—has come in from its wandering over that dreary water—but brought no olive branch. The chase was fairly up in the Arctic hunting fields,—but there had been no scent of the game when this ship left. Capt. Austen, Penny, Ommanney, Sir John Ross, Phillips, Forsyth, and the American officers were all on the ground, and co-operating to sweep the field within which lies the secret of Sir John Franklin's fate. The Resolute and Pioneer, beginning at Pond's Bay, were to examine the whole south coast of Lancaster Sound, Barrow's Strait, and, if possible, Cape Walker,—the Assistance and Intrepid, beginning at Cape Warrender, were to examine the north coast of Lancaster Sound and Barrow's Strait, as far as Wellington Channel, which they were directed to enter, and, if possible, communicate with Capt. Penny, whose order directed his attention to Jones's Sound,—the Felix and Mary, beginning at Cape Hotham, were to examine that and the different headlands to Melville Island, and, if possible, to Banks's Land,—and Capt. Forsyth, in the Prince Albert, was to proceed to Brentford Bay, and endeavour to cross the Isthmus and survey the west side of Boothia Felix.

At Cape York, the explorers came upon a startling announcement,—which, for a moment, seemed to give a melancholy solution to the object of all these expeditions. Here they communicated with a party of Esquimaux,—and were by them informed,—according to the version of one interpreter, contradicted by another—that in the winter of 1846, when the snow was falling, two ships were broken up by the ice, in the direction of Cape Dudley Digges, near Wolstenholme Sound, and afterwards burnt by a fierce and numerous tribe of natives; that the ships were not whalers,—and that epaulettes were worn by some of the white men; that a party of the crews were drowned; that the remainder were some time in huts, or tents, apart from the natives; that they had guns, but no balls,—were in a weak and exhausted condition,—and were subsequently killed by the natives with darts or arrows.—From after inquiries, and from arguments of many kinds, there seemed no reason to attach any credit to this painful story. The scene of the supposed calamity has been carefully searched without yielding a vestige to confirm it,—the Esquimaux are known to meet such inquiries as those by which they are now on every side beset in any sense that the inquiries may seem to suggest,—and the one of the interpreters who is thought to understand their language best denies that the Esquimaux have made any such statement at all.—On the whole, there was even then good reason to hope that this solution of the mystery might be dismissed as having no good ground to rest on.

But the argument from negatives as to Sir John Franklin's safety has since been confirmed by inferences of a positive kind. Capt.



Forsyth has arrived at Aberdeen with the Prince Albert—which our readers will remember was sent out after the despatch of the Government vessels as a private Expedition,—and brings with him the exciting intelligence that actual traces of the Erebus and Terror have been come upon. Though badly adapted for encountering the perils of the Arctic Seas, being doubled only to a foot above the water line, the Prince Albert succeeded in getting through the dreaded Melville Bay, and as far west as the mouth of the Wellington Channel. Having in the first instance proceeded down Prince Regent's Inlet, Capt. Forsyth was arrested in his progress by a barrier of ice which stretched from Port Bowen across the inlet to within ten or fifteen miles of Fury Point. Finding great quantities of drift ice setting up the inlet, he stood out to the northward, with the intention of proceeding down the western side of North Somerset. On reaching Leopold's Island, he again encountered a heavy pack of ice extending across Barrow's Strait towards the entrance of Wellington Channel. With great difficulty he navigated his small ship as far as Cape Riley:—and here he found traces of five or six tents or encampments, with a small length of ship's rope, and a number of beef and bird bones. He found also the following memorandum, which had been left here by Capt. Ommanney on the 23rd of August, two days previously to the visit of Capt. Forsyth:—

"Her Majesty's Arctic Searching Expedition.  
"This is to certify that Captain Ommanney, with the officers of Her Majesty's ships Assistance and Intrepid, landed at Cape Riley on the 23rd of August, 1850, where he found traces of an encampment and collected the remains of materials which evidently prove that some party belonging to Her Majesty's ships have been detained on this spot. Beachy Island was also examined, where traces were found of the same party.

"This is also to give notice that a supply of provisions and fuel is at Port Leopold. Her Majesty's ships Assistance and Intrepid were detached from the squadron under Capt. Austin, off Wolstenholme, on the 15th inst., since when they have examined the north shores of Lancaster Sound and Barrow's Straits, without meeting any other traces. Captain Ommanney proceeds to Cape Hotham and Cape Walker in search for further traces of Sir John Franklin's Expedition.

"Hired on board Her Majesty's ship Assistance, off Cape Riley, Aug. 23, 1850.

The rope found by Capt. Forsyth has been sent home and authenticated at Chatham as belonging to the stores of the Terror; and no reasonable doubt remains that the vestiges seen by Captains Ommanney and Forsyth are those of the Franklin Expedition. The point of extreme interest, therefore, is, that the missing ships had in any case, according to all the probabilities, got thus far; and the fear entertained by many that they had perished in Baffin's Bay at the outset of the Expedition is thus removed from the field of speculation.

It is probable, too, that Capt. Ommanney had even stronger reasons for supposing that he had come upon the traces of the Expedition than we are yet put in possession of,—for he at once pushed on to the westward as if following a certain track,—and his ships were seen by Capt. Forsyth under a heavy press of sail threading their way towards Cape Hotham through a lane of water. It appears further by a private letter which has been received from Capt. Forsyth, that Capt. Penny has accompanied Capt. Ommanney,—conceiving that there was much more probability of coming upon traces of the missing Expedition by taking this course than by exploring Wellington Channel.

Being fully satisfied that the search to the westward would be effectually made by the ships under the command of the above officers, Capt. Forsyth judged it prudent, as there was no port which he could enter in the vicinity of his future operations, to return to England. On the 27th of August, he ran into Eardley Bay, near Cape York, and landed a notice with some provisions. On the 29th, he examined the western side of the entrance to Admiralty Inlet, and coasted to Possession Bay,—where he fell in with the North Star. On the 2nd and 3rd of September he explored the shores of Pond's Bay,—but could not discover any trace of Capt. Austin's having been there. He then steered towards England,—the last officer who left our shores, yet the first who arrived in Barrow's Strait. Considering the small means at Capt. Forsyth's disposal, it is impossible not to be struck

with what he has effected; and he will have a high and honourable place in the story of the restoration of the lost Expedition if it is indeed destined to be restored to our shores.

MR. HENSLOW AND THE HITCHAM LABOURERS.

THE Hitcham labourers' and mechanics' first prize Exhibition of Vegetables on Tuesday last enables us to draw attention to the admirable working of the system of land allotment which is in course of development in that part of Suffolk, under the auspices of the Rev. J. S. Henslow, the Cambridge Professor of Botany. We have already spoken of the excellent influence of Mr. George Ransome's elementary teaching in natural history on the minds and habits of the working classes of Ipswich and the neighbouring villages,—and we have now to record the successful issue of a nearly similar experiment in the same county.

About two years since the rector of Hitcham obtained a quantity of land, which he well drained and let, in allotments of a quarter of an acre each, at a rental of 14s. 6d. per annum, to those of the cottagers of his parish whose spade and fork industry might incline them to turn it to good account. The choice of allotments was given first to labourers and then to mechanics. An industrial competition was thus immediately opened among the poorest of the working classes for the tillage of the soil. In connexion with this a Horticultural Society was formed, with a subscription of 6d. only; and prizes of from 2s. 6d. to 5s. were offered by the neighbouring gentry for the best specimens of flowers, fruit, and vegetables. The payment of a small subscription gives the labourer a power of independence which makes him feel the society to be his own, not the gift of charity,—reserved for sterner necessities. The exhibition of flowers took place in June last,—but as the *utile* has more charms for the working men than the *dulce*, the result of their agricultural skill has been more substantially shown in the present Exhibition of Vegetables. In this comparatively limited district, whose population comprises not more than about 200 able-bodied labouring men, there were forty-six competitors for prizes in potatoes,—whilst their specimens of this and other vegetables would have done honour to any of the suburban gardeners of London. A quarter of an acre of land cannot be supposed to yield more than sufficient produce for the grower's own consumption—the farmer's interest is not, therefore, affected by the system, which bears rather on the publican. The farmer pays his labourer by the hour,—not as taught him in the parable. Piece-hire is not always in requisition; and the advantage of this allotment system is, that during these trying intervals of leisure the labourer is tempted into his own little vineyard instead of idling in the market-place or tipping in the public-house.

Prof. Henslow's beneficial influence over the hearts and minds of his rustic friends is formed, however, by the administration of pleasures as well as by incitements to habits of industry. Rural and river excursions made up of the poorest in the land are performed with the happiest results; the Pastor engaging the attention with occasional lectures of the simplest kind,—now on plants and now on ships.

THE GRAVE OF LOCKE.

A Day at High Laver and Oates.

It had long been our earnest desire to visit the grave of Locke, and to see the spot hallowed by the traditions of so pure a life and so serene and holy a death. Having just offered our devotion at the shrine of Shakespeare, we were the more sensible how inexpressibly powerful and moving is the actual presence of the very objects that were present to such a man. Having felt how the great spirit which haunts every nook and corner of its earthly dwelling-place speaks to the reverential and loving soul a language not to be uttered or written, we were the more determined to end our long wandering with a pious pilgrimage to the humble village where Locke lies buried. Accordingly, quitting our direct line home, we stopped at the Harlow station, six miles from High Laver; and having heard that some sort of lodging might

be found within a mile or so of the village, we determined to run all risks, and drove straight to the church.

Philosophy, though the benign friend of "the million," is not their familiar,—and we were now surprised to find that neither the people of whom we inquired at Harlow, our driver,—or even a villager of High Laver, knew that there was anything there to excite curiosity or interest. It is true that an old countryman with whom we afterwards talked said, several gentlefolks had been to see that grave. But I suspected at the time that he said this to encourage and console us for having come out of our way to see what gentlefolks did not usually think worth looking at.—Alighting at the church, we hastened up to it,—and in a moment we had before us what we came to seek. Against the south wall of the church is a square raised tomb covered with a slab on which is inscribed—

JOHN LOCKE,  
Ob. A.D. 1704.

Above this tomb is a marble tablet, bearing the Latin inscription written by Locke himself:—which, though doubtless known to many of your readers, must not be omitted here.—

SISTE, VIATOR;

Juxta situs est . . . . .

Si qualis fuerit rogas, medicatore aut contentum se virisae respondet. Literis innotuit, consueque tantum proficiat ut veritati unice studeat. Hoc ex scriptis illius discat: quæ, quod de eo reliquum est, majori fide tibi exhibebunt quam epitaphii suspecta elogium. Virtutes si quas habuit, minores sane quam quas sibi laudi, tibi in exemplum proponeret. Vita una sepeliatur. Morum exemplum si quaerat, in Evangelio habes, (victorum utinam nusquam,) mortalitatis certe quod prosit hic est ubique.

A.D. 1631.

Mortuum Oct. 27, A.D. 1704.

Memorat hac tabula brevi et ipsa interitura.

At first sight it may appear inconsistent with the perfect simplicity and modesty of the man to have written his own epitaph. But, on reflection, we see that these very qualities might determine him to be his own chronicler. He could not but be conscious of his great celebrity, of the warm attachment of his friends, and of the veneration with which he was regarded by lovers of truth and of liberty of thought throughout Europe. It was an age of panegyric; and he might reasonably fear that his eminent qualities might be set out on his tomb in language repugnant to his simple and severe taste. It was probably to avoid this that he undertook to say what manner of man he was. He claims for himself simplicity of tastes and habits, and love of truth,—for the rest, he refers mankind to his writings.

The clerk—who is also the sexton—being at work in the fields, there was no one within call who could open the church for us; but as we intended to pay a longer visit to it on the following day (Sunday), we contented ourselves with looking at the tombs of the Masham family, lying in the churchyard at the east end of the church. We found the following:—

1. The first Lord Masham, Baron of Oates.
2. Abigail, his wife, the celebrated favourite of Queen Anne.
3. General Hill, her brother; whose rapid and unmerited promotion was the subject of so much animadversion.
4. Mistress Alice Hill, his sister.
5. The second Lord Masham; and
- 6 and 7. His two wives, Henrietta and Charlotte.

There is no inscription on any of these tombs, except the names and dates. Here, then, were the descendants (not lineal, for they had no children,) of the noble and excellent friends of Locke,—but where were they? We saw no trace of them. Contented to have found the main object of our visit, and hoping for further information on the morrow,—we went home to our humble night's quarters. On Sunday morning, hearing that there was a path across the fields—one of the rural privileges of England—we took a country lad as guide, and set forth. All was fresh, bright, and peaceful. The path wound, gently ascending, through pastures in which lay ruminating cattle,—and in a short time the small stunted spire of High Laver was visible through the trees. The way now lay past the Rectory,—one of the loveliest of that beautiful class of dwellings, a country parsonage. A neat and venerable house,—a pretty sloping lawn, adorned



with shrubs, flowers, and a few magnificent trees,—a small piece of bright clear water fed by a brook,—composed one of those pictures peculiar to England, and the full beauty and significance of which we must have lived out of England to appreciate.

It was our unexpected good fortune to meet with the master of this exquisite manse, and to receive from him not only the greatest kindness and courtesy, but much interesting information,—rendered doubly interesting by the affectionate reverence with which he evidently regarded the sacred deposit of which he is the guardian. He has not only watched over it with pious care, but has done small repairs as were necessary. Some time ago, it appeared that the wet was insinuating itself between the wall and the tomb, so as to endanger the safety of the latter. On this occasion an appeal was made to Christ Church College, Oxford. That step-mother of her greatest son so far repented her of her past injustice as to pay for the placing a slab of stone to secure his grave from destruction.

We were told that an idea was once entertained of transporting this tomb to Westminster Abbey. Fortunately Locke's reputation was not of a kind to offer much inducement to the commission of so tasteless a desecration. A collection of tombs may, like a gallery of pictures, have great historical interest. The tombs of a royal line—of a succession of men exercising the same functions, or occupying the same place—are rightly placed together. But wherever the individuality of the man, and not his office or position, is what interests us, his grave ought to be, like his fame, apart from all others. What would the tomb of Shakespeare be if removed into Westminster Abbey,—or into any Pantheon or Wallahs of all that is greatest in the world? At Stratford everything is identified with him. The very stones we tread on may have been trodden by him. We go from the small room (awful and radiant with his presence) where he first saw the light, to the church where he worshipped, and where he now rests,—and his great spirit accompanies us and fills us with a loving awe. We see houses that he must have looked on,—follow the path along which he walked to visit Anne Hathaway,—live over his life; and though we cannot fathom the mystery of his genius, that which was to us but a name and a spirit becomes present to our senses and our affections.—“The masses” will always like mass. Number and quantity are to the vulgar essential to greatness; and there are many motives of convenience for collecting together objects of a class. But let us rejoice when we are so happy as to seize some one impression,—to be able to give ourselves up undistracted to one idea,—to see or hear one consummate work of Art,—to receive the influences of one great mind.

After looking at the register of Locke's baptism, copied from the church books of Wrington, in Somersetshire, and the register of his interment in those of High Laver, we proceeded to view the interior of the church.

Close beside the rector's pew rests Sir Francis Masham. He lies beneath so obscure a stone that we should hardly have discovered it if it had not been pointed out to us. It bears no inscription but the name and date of his death—1722. Strange to say, there is no trace of Lady Masham,—the daughter of Cudworth and the friend of Locke. Where do her honours remain? She survived her husband; and as they had no children and the estate went to collateral heirs, she probably quitted Oates and lies buried wherever she ended her days. The missing her produces a painful and melancholy impression. So difficult is it for us creatures of earth and sense to be spiritual even for a moment, that I felt as if her husband and her illustrious friend must suffer in their graves from the void created by her absence.

In default of her, however, we have her mother. Lady Masham was, it appears, doubly happy in her birth. If she derived her intellectual superiority from her father, she was indebted to her mother for her Christian and womanly graces and virtues. On a tablet against the north wall, just above the grave of Sir Francis, is the following inscription. It has

always been attributed to Locke, and its beautiful simplicity seems to attest the truth of the tradition.—

Damaris Cudworth.

Relict of Ralph Cudworth, Doctor of Divinity and Master of King's College, Cambridge.

Exemplary for her piety and virtue, for her study of the Scriptures, charity to the poor, and good will to all.

An excellent wife, mother, mistress, and friend, lies buried in the middle between this and the opposite wall. She was born the 23rd Oct. 1623; and after a life made easy to herself and others by the unalterable evenness of her temper, she died as one that goes to sleep, without disease or pain, the 15th Nov. 1695, in full hope and expectation of a happy resurrection.

—Her husband, if I recollect rightly, is buried in the ante-chapel of King's College, Cambridge.

On the opposite side of the church, near the altar, is another tablet, bearing an epitaph hardly less affecting.—

Near this place lies the body of the Reverend Samuel Lowe, who, after he had faithfully discharged his ministerial office forty-five years in this parish, departed this life Dec. 7, 1709, aged 79.

He was to himself frugal, to his friends bountiful; exactly just; strictly pious, and extremely charitable. Poor widows and children he was a father to living, and having no issue, made them his heirs on his death; leaving to the Society of Clergymen's Sons in money 800*l.*; and in land 80*l.* per annum, besides other great legacies to charitable uses, and is gone to receive his reward.

Also Anne, his beloved wife, daughter of Wm. Andrew, of the Golden Grange in Bedfordshire, gentleman, who died May 23, 1693.

If anything were wanted to complete so rare a combination of wisdom and goodness, piety and peace, as met together at High Laver, we find it in this record of the venerable pastor of the lowly flock with whom the Philosopher and his friends were wont to worship.

Yet one feature more,—characteristic of those times when reverence was given in exchange for kindness, and obedience for protection and guidance. There is, besides the principal entrance, a small door on the south side of the church, close to which is a grass grave lying immediately under and parallel with the wall. Here, according to the traditions of the village, lies a faithful servant of the Masham family, now remembered only as “Luke.” At this door he used to take his stand as soon as service was ended, holding it open for his master and lady to pass through. When he died, they buried him at his post. A few steps separate the tomb of the world-renowned Philosopher and the turf that covers the faithful Luke. It is almost profane to disturb the serenity of such a scene by any allusion to the loud dissonances of our times; but I could not help comparing the angry vociferations for an unattainable social equality with that far more important moral equality which is the natural and spontaneous fruit of the fulfilment of duty. How harmonious is the combination of these various forms and shades of virtue, these various applications of the great rules of justice and charity, obedience and forbearance! How formless and chaotic all that has been proposed as a substitute for these beautiful adaptations to the wants and conditions of our being! The reverence for a life passed in the faithful discharge of duty, the sanctity of the place, and the majesty of death, though they did not level, did far better,—they harmonized distinctions; and the eye which had rested with profound veneration on the tomb of a mighty champion and torch-bearer of truth, turned with affectionate respect to the lowly grave of the loyal serving-man. With thoughts and feelings thus attuned to the place and the time, we took our seats in the ancient and simple church where all these persons had so often met to worship. Around us were the records of the virtuous dead. Nearly opposite was the pew of the Masham family,—unaltered, as we were assured. Here, then, by the side of his noble friends might be seen that pale and refined face, equally marked by thought and by suffering, yet always serene and elevated, which Roubiliac has handed down to us. Happily for us, and still more for the village, the church is materially, as well as morally, unchanged. The building has little architectural beauty, but it has a simple and primitive air which is becoming rare even in country churches. It is divided by a sort of wooden screen or arch, on which is painted C. P. on either side the Prince of Wales's feathers. This has something to do with the appellation Laver

Regis, which (as well as Alta or Magna) distinguishes this parish from two others of the name. The singing, accompanied by a violoncello, was of the old sort—but good of its sort:—no attempt at part-singing, but nothing dissonant or grotesque. We were struck, considering the short distance from London, with the very rustic though decent air of the congregation.

Taking our leave of the courteous living and the honoured dead, we proceeded to the site (for alas! no more remains) of the baronial mansion of Oates. The evening before, we had met an aged labourer who told us he remembered Oates; that it was pulled down forty-six years ago. I asked him what sort of house it was. “Oh! a very noble one!” he replied. This was confirmed to us by the Rector of Laver, who frequently visited at the house. It had at that time passed out of the Masham family,—of which indeed no trace remains in the parish. It is said to have become extinct in one female descendant,—but where and when nobody knew.

We were told that there was a painting of Oates in the possession of the present proprietor, to whom this part of the estate has descended from his uncle the late purchaser,—but we had not the smallest hope of seeing it. Here again, however, fortune favoured us. We alighted to look at the small remnant of the old building, now a brewhouse,—and at the two noble lime trees which stood near the house. We were standing under their ample shade, when the proprietor politely came up,—and after giving us all the information he could about the former aspect of the place, invited us to call at his house, hard by, to see the picture. We gladly availed ourselves of his kindness. The picture is the work of an amateur, and the point from which it is taken is not so well chosen as might be wished. The house must according to that authority have undergone some alterations since Locke's time. The windows appear to have been modernized. It is a square white building with a sort of turret at one corner:—not an unusual feature in what are called Tudor houses, when the defences of the Middle Ages, though no longer needed, lingered in architecture as a sort of feudal tradition. It was entirely surrounded by a moat,—now dry, except in one place, where it has left a sort of pond. The surrounding country is not picturesque or striking,—but it has that air of cheerfulness and culture which pleases in the east of England, in the absence of all grand features. The road to it lay through lanes which we pleased ourselves with imagining to be those through which Locke loved to drive—as he says, in a letter to Anthony Collins—in a little “one-horse chaise,” when he was too feeble and too much oppressed with asthma to walk.

We stood, then, on the spot where the serene, though not painless, evening of that spotless life was brought to a close. Here, having steadily refused the importunities of Lord Somers to accept a seat at the Board of Trade, and even resisted the desire of the King (who esteemed him as he deserved) that he would receive the salary though unable to do the work, Locke determined to pass the small remnant of his days consoled by friendship and religion. “It would,” says he, “be madness to put myself out of the reach of my friends during the small time I am to linger in this world, only to die a little more rich or a little more advanced.”

It is much to be regretted that the origin and course of the constant and noble friendship of these eminent persons is not better known to us. Locke's biographers do not tell us how he became acquainted with Sir Francis and Lady Masham. We may, however, conjecture, that he knew the latter as the daughter of Cudworth. He says of himself,—“My temper, always shy of a crowd of strangers, has made my acquaintances few, and my conversation too narrow and particular to get the skill of dealing with men in their various humours. Whether this was a fault or no in a man that designed no bustle in the world, I know not.” The friendships which he had, therefore, must have rested on similarity of tastes and feelings, and on perfect confidence. The character of Locke annexed by Le Clerc to his own eulogium, is,

\* Lord King's “Life of Locke,” 2nd edition, vol. ii. p. 14.

says, "from the pen of one who knew him well." *His wife*, "She says,—and I can confirm her testimony by what I have myself seen," &c. The number of this beautiful and discriminating account of his qualities and virtues was, then, a woman,—and must surely have been Lady Masham. Who else knew him as she did?—and how few are the women living at any particular time who can write with the clearness and precision, the total absence of affectation, sentimentality and exaggeration, which characterize this admirable portrait?

As early as the 1st of June, 1704, Locke wrote that most affecting letter to his "Cousin King" in which he entreats him to spend all the next week with him,—adding, "as far as I can impartially guess, it will be the last week I am ever like to have with you. . . . Refuse not, therefore, to help me to pass some of the last hours of my life as easily as may be in the conversation of one who is not only the nearest but the dearest to me of any man in this world." Yet "the dissolution of this cottage," which he thought so near at hand, was delayed for nearly four months,—four months of incessant suffering, unaltered cheerfulness and pious resignation. It was during these painful months that Locke wrote his Commentary on St. Paul's Epistles. The reader is probably familiar with that last scene, which embodied the serenity of the antique sage with the pious resignation of the Christian saint. After passing without sleep the night which he had not expected to survive, he was taken out of bed and carried into his study, where he slept for some hours in his chair.† On waking he desired to be dressed; and then heard Lady Masham read the Psalms apparently with great attention, until, perceiving his end to draw near, he stopped her, and expired a very few minutes afterwards.†

The noble woman who administered to him this last consolation was, like himself, calm and self-possessed. When he desired her not to sit up with him that last night, "for that he might perhaps sleep, and he would have her called if needful," she did not, as we find, oppose his wishes, or obtrude her grief upon him. She felt that "he called her from weak longings and womanly lamentations to the contemplation of his virtues."‡ She commanded her voice to read or to be silent,—to comfort, not to trouble the passing spirit.

S. A.

## OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

THERE is more than an ordinary number of names claiming admission into our obituary paragraph for the present week.—It is not many months since we had to deal with the literary remains of Ebenezer Elliott, given to the world under the authority of Mr. Watkins, his son-in-law,—and now we learn that the recently bereaved daughter is also the bereaved wife. Mr. Watkins lies already in the same grave with the deceased poet,—a victim to disease of the heart.—Lord Leigh, who some weeks since left England for the benefit of his health, has died at Bonn. Our readers will remember Lord Leigh as the author of a volume of poems, published some years ago.—The daily papers announce the death, on the 28th of September, of Mr. Thomas Amiot, a well-known English antiquary,—long a constant and valuable contributor to the *Archæologia*,—the private secretary of Mr. Windham,—the editor of Windham's speeches,—and for many years treasurer to the Society of Antiquaries of London. Mr. Amiot was also Director of the Camden Society. A ready readiness of manner, a promptness and willingness to assist whenever his assistance was asked in a literary matter, made him a favourite with all classes of literary men. He was a native of Norfolk; and obtained the friendship and patronage of Windham while he was actively engaged in canvassing in favour of an opponent to that gentleman in the representation of Norwich in the House of Commons. A Life of Windham was one of Mr.

the chair in which Locke breathed his last is in being, and is treasured as it deserves. When Oates was pulled out it was carefully preserved by a clergyman of the neighbourhood; and it is now in the possession of that gentleman's brother at Reading, in Berkshire,—whither our informant went to see it.

† *Life of Locke*, by Lord King.  
‡ *Letters*, Jul. Agr. Vita.

Amiot's long-promised and long-looked-for contributions to the biographies of English statesmen; but no such work has yet been published,—and there is too great reason to believe that very little, if indeed any portion of it, was ever completed for publication. The journals of Mr. Windham were in the possession of Mr. Amiot; and if we may judge of the whole by the account of Johnson's conversation and last illness printed by Mr. Croker in his edition of Boswell, we may safely assert that whenever they may be published they will be a work of real value in illustration of political events and private character,—a model in respect of fullness and yet succinctness which future journalists may copy with advantage. Whatever Windham preserved of Johnson's conversation well merited preservation.—Mr. Amiot's most valuable literary work is, his refutation of Mr. Tytler's supposition that Richard the Second was alive and in Scotland in the reign of Henry the Fourth.

Among foreign names having claim to post-humous honour, we find those of Nikolaus Lenau, the German poet,—whose light long dimmed by disease, has gone finally out in a madhouse; Dr. C. F. Becker,—eminent for his philosophical works on grammar and the structure of language; François de Villeneuve-Bargemont, Marquis de Trans,—a member of the French Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres,—and author, amongst other works, of the *Histories of King René of Anjou*, of St. Louis, and of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem; and Charles Rottman, the distinguished Bavarian artist, painter to the King,—whose name belongs properly to another department of our Gossip columns, but is added here for the sake of this brotherhood of death. Herr Rottman had been sent by King Ludwig to Italy and to Greece for the sake of depicting the scenery and monuments of those countries. His pictures of the Temple of Juno Lucina, Girgenti, the theatre of Taormina, &c., says a contemporary, have never been excelled,—and the king had characterized them by illustrative poems. The Grecian monuments which Rottman sketched in the years 1835 and 1836 are destined for the new Pinakotheka; and the Battle-Field of Marathon is spoken of, says the same authority, as a wonderful composition. The frescoes of Herr Rottman adorn the ceiling of the upper story of the king's palace at Munich.—In this mournful list, we may further include the names of Dr. Medicus, Professor of Botany at Munich, and a member of the Academy of Sciences in that capital,—and M. Ferdinand Laloue, a dramatic author of some reputation in Paris.

We continue to receive from one correspondent and another remonstrances on the fact of our not being more demonstrative in the expression of our gratitude for the late changes in the Reading Room of the British Museum—some of which we had ourselves so long and loudly demanded,—and more specific in the attribution of merit on their account to Mr. Panizzi. The fact is, that as regards the new arrangements in the Reading Room, with the exception of the new Catalogue, we fancy that our thanks, if any were due, should be paid to Sir Henry Ellis,—and as regards the Catalogue, we are not aware that we have anything to be grateful for. If even that Catalogue were all that it pretends to be, the fact of its sudden production now would still only mark the deep wrong which the country has so long endured from its absence. Year after year the money of the nation has been expended on treasures which became valueless by the mere fact of their passing into the hiding-places of the Museum. Whatever may be effected now cannot redeem the years of past waste. We are not bringing our complaint against this man or against that,—but our complaint against the *fact* receives new strength from what has at length and reluctantly been done. We are not aware that there is any merit in the discharge of duty,—but there are shame and wrong in its neglect. Be the fault where it may, there have been unfaithful trustees for the public. What we have now got is merely a deduction from the account that we have against those who kept us out of it so long,—by no means a figure to their credit side.—After all, however, the present catalogues can be accepted only as materials—and

imperfect ones—for the thing we want,—not as the thing itself. For a test of their efficiency we refer our readers to a later column of our paper,—where will be found an amusing account of a search after a book amid their intricacies.

The fourth volume of the new Catalogue of the Bodleian Library, enumerating the acquisitions of printed books made within the last twenty years, is, we understand, nearly ready for publication.—We are informed, also, that the Bodleian is about to issue a separate Catalogue of its Hebrew printed and manuscript works,—of the latter of which it now possesses, our readers know, the largest and most important collection in the world. Dr. Steinschneider, highly reputed among the Orientalists of Germany, has during the spring and summer months been actively employed in going through the printed Hebrew works, and is now charged with editing the result of his labours. He is engaged to examine the Hebrew manuscripts next year,—and "to call by their names" 1,800 of these not mentioned in Uri's Catalogue.—We may add, that eighty Hebrew manuscripts purchased in Italy and described in a catalogue prepared by the celebrated Dr. Zunz, of Berlin, have recently been added to the manuscript department of the Bodleian.—We learn further that an interesting Catalogue of the manuscripts deposited in the several colleges of Oxford, compiled by Mr. Cox, of the Bodleian Library, is almost completed. It is printed in a thick quarto volume, and contains an elaborate and very intelligently arranged list of 3,200 codices bearing on English history and literature and on mediæval theology, philosophy, medicine, &c.

The famous collection of Hebrew works known by the title of "The Michael Collection," recently purchased by the British Museum, amounts to about 5,000 volumes. They are now in progress of being classified on a system which deserves to be adopted even by the private collectors of libraries. The several departments of Theology, Philosophy, Poetry, History, &c. are each represented by a peculiar colour of binding. Each department being again classed into certain subdivisions, the respective subdivision is made recognizable by the special colour of the lettering label. The variety of colours is not merely a great help in finding the desired volume, but is also a great relief to the eye,—the monotony of uniform bindings being thus obviated.

Mr. Hind announces that the Astronomer Royal of England, Prussia and Denmark, and other high scientific authorities at home and abroad, have intimated their intention to adopt the name "Victoria," and the symbol as proposed by him.—The period of revolution of the new planet will probably, he adds, be nearly the same as that of Iris—perhaps a little longer.

The *Manchester Examiner* calls public attention to the report made some time ago by the trustees of the Owens College,—a document certainly most extraordinary when read in connexion with the founder's will. Like Mr. Girard, of Philadelphia, Mr. Owens left his property, as our readers well know, to found a seminary of learning open freely to all sects and persons. In as express terms as the English language affords he declared that "the students, professors, teachers, and other officers and persons connected with the said institution shall not be required to make any declaration as to, or submit to any test whatsoever of, their religious opinions, and nothing shall be introduced in the matter or mode of instruction in reference to any religious or theological subject which shall be reasonably offensive to the conscience of any student, or of his relations, guardians, or friends." Yet the parties executing this trust have reported their intention to have theology taught from the professional chairs. The logic by which they attempt to reconcile this determination with a sense of public duty is of a kind to suggest the want of a college in their locality when they were boys. They pretend to know better than the founder what his ideas were,—and they have a doubt whether it would be contrary to his written testament to make the attendance of students on the religious lectures compulsory! They reason thus—in a series of syllogisms which we regard as unique. First, any they:—



the testator was a charitable man,—religion is allied to charity,—being charitable, he must therefore have been religious also,—and a religious man must of course wish to have theology taught in his college. Secondly:—He wished to found an English college,—an English college is an institution where science, literature, and theology are taught together,—therefore he must have designed the teaching of theology. Thirdly:—The subject of religious tests is mentioned in the will,—the religious question occupied his mind in connexion with the foundation,—surely, then, he must have intended that religious lectures should be given. These notable syllogisms are held by the trustees and their supporters to be conclusive—even against the written and positive letter of the will. But then comes a further difficulty,—and the trustees find themselves fast in their own net. What system of theology is to be taught? The professor cannot legally be subject to any test, nor is he responsible for his belief and opinions. Will the Church like to hear an Independent lecture on theology,—or the Wesleyan listen to the religious teaching of a Catholic professor? The trustees say, they do not intend to teach doctrinal religion:—in this they are less consecutive than in their logic. Christianity is all doctrine. Whatever is not doctrinal in the national faith and practice belongs to the domain of nature and morals. To exclude doctrine, therefore, is to exclude that which it is very evident they wish to intrude into the curriculum. We have no hope, however, that the body of trustees, composed as it is of men belonging to different denominations, will ever agree among themselves as to the religion to be taught. A whole session of the college has been already lost to the students from this cause,—and we see no probable end of the dispute, unless the trustees shall think better of the course they are taking and resolve to discharge their functions according to the letter of the instrument under which they act.

We think it scarcely necessary to inform our readers that the Irish sea-serpent has been formally thrown upon the penny-a-liner's hands,—because from the first we announced the proprietorship of that speculation, on the internal evidence. "Mr. Travers" turns out to be one of the "Harris" family,—as we had conjectured; and "Mr. B. of Bandon," resting for his existence on that ideal authority, cannot, of course, be expected to be more substantial. Capt. Pilkington, commanding the Coast Guard district literally infested by the monster, has thought it necessary to examine into the matter,—and the whole details of the story have resolved themselves into the "thin air" of which we knew them to be made.—It is almost a joke to see the matter seriously denied.

We must not omit to put on record a munificent act of charity which we see attributed to a lady by the organs of the daily press. Miss Howard, of York Place, has assigned over to trustees (the Earl of Fingall and Mr. Mackinnon) the amount of 45,000*l.*, in money and land, for the purpose of erecting on her property at Pinner a crescent of twenty-one houses. The centre house is for the use of the trustees; and the other twenty houses are for twenty widows, who are to occupy them free of rent and taxes,—and to receive also 50*l.* a year, or more if the fund will allow. The widows of naval men are to have the preference, then those of military men, and lastly the widows of clergymen.

The American papers announce that the Mayor of Boston has made a donation to that city for the purpose of founding a free library,—and the Hon. Edward Everett has offered to appropriate towards the same object his collection of public documents and State papers. The latter gift is, it is said, of great value,—amounting to about 1,000 volumes, and containing everything of material importance relative to the political history of the country from the foundation of the Government to the year 1840.

That wonder of the past age, the balloon, as if the very follies practised in its name and by its means had had the effect, by way of compensation, of calling attention to its uses,—seems likely at length to be scientifically applied,—as it was scientifically born. In Paris, MM. Bixio and Barral are superintending

the construction of an aerial machine of the kind, in which they intend to pursue a course of studies of the atmosphere. It will be fifty-four feet in height and forty-five in breadth; and if filled with pure hydrogen, will be capable of carrying up about twenty persons,—with carbonated hydrogen, ten or twelve.—Experiments are also making with balloons by M. Mène, under the direction of M. Arago—for measuring the laws in virtue of which the temperature decreases in proportion to the height.

Among the honours recently conferred on scientific men in France, we see that MM. Antoine and Armand d'Abbadie have, on the recommendation of the Minister of Agriculture and Commerce, been nominated by the President of the Republic members of the Legion of Honour, for "the services which they have rendered to geographical science and to commerce by their journeys in Abyssinia."

We learn from the local papers that the Roscoe Club in Liverpool is in the last throes of dissolution. Like the Manchester Athenæum, this institute, while professing to be popular and educational, chiefly relied on that kind of charity for support which delights to figure in the shape of soiree and demonstration with a lord at the head of the table or of the quadrille. That it is in debt we do not wonder,—that it is on the eve of dissolution we cannot regret. Had it taken for its model the Whittington Club [which, by the way, has announced an excellent series of lectures for the coming season],—pursued an unostentatious course of real usefulness,—cared less about appearing almost weekly in the local prints in connexion with Earl This and Viscount That,—it might have become an honour to the town.—We learn at the same time, that the Town Council of Liverpool, acting on the power recently conferred by Act of Parliament on municipal bodies, have voted by a large majority in favour of the principle of public libraries and museums to be formed out of the proceeds of a local rate. The first practical step by way of remedying the mischiefs likely to arise from the decay of Mechanics' Institutes and Roscoe Clubs has been taken by the Royal Institution offering the whole of its valuable gallery, gymnasium and museum—said to be worth twenty-five thousand pounds—for the free use of the inhabitants for ever.—The Public Library Fund in Manchester, we hear, progresses steadily.—The friends of education, in the present unsettled state of the question, will perhaps not be sorry that the two great northern cities should have adopted different views as to the mode of procedure. The Manchester Fund, commenced before the recent Act was passed, is the result of voluntary subscription,—Liverpool will operate with the aid of a local rate. Time will thus resolve in some degree the question of the merits of the voluntary principle.

While speaking of the progress of aids to education in Lancashire, we may notice the favourable impression made by the labours of the Lancashire Public Schools Association on the country, as exhibited in the provincial papers. The conference to be held in Manchester this month promises to be one of great public interest. The *Manchester Examiner* has collected a number of facts and opinions from various parts of the country which imply that in many of the larger towns committees are in progress of being formed and delegates chosen to attend the conference,—and in Manchester itself preparations are making for their reception.

An archaeological bit or two, at home and abroad, may be thrown into a common paragraph for the increasing number of readers whom such matters interest. The *Poole Herald* states that a Roman tessellated pavement has been discovered at a locality called "The Churchyard," Holcombe Farm, two miles from Lyme, and a little distance from Musbury Castle,—a very fine earthwork east of the valley of the Axe. The villa at this spot must have been a Roman station. The tesserae are said to be of blue-white lias, and red tesserae of a substance and colour resembling brick. The area, so far as explored, equals that of a moderately large-sized room,—but only a small part was cleared. The tiles or slates of the roof were composed of white lias. The pavement has since been covered up,—

but not before drawings of it had been made.—The *Piedmontese Gazette* speaks of a curious Celtic monument having been discovered in the Valcaulina (province of Bergamo), consisting of two colossal stones placed on a mound, evidently by human hands. The larger of the two, measuring about 162 cubic feet, is placed on the other; which it is said bears marks of having been much larger than it now is, but appears to have been splintered by lightning or other causes in the ages which must have elapsed since its deposit.—In the neighbourhood of Fontenay, between Soissons and Compiègne, a great number of Roman antiquities having been turned up in digging,—the workmen were instructed to continue; and soon came to the foundations of Roman buildings covering a surface of more than 34,000 metres, and divided into more than 200 rooms or cells.

**THE DIORAMA.** Regent's Park.—Admission, One Shilling.—NOW OPEN, with the finest VIEWS ever exhibited in this country, representing the ROYAL CASTLE of STOLZENFELS, on the Rhine, (visited by Her Majesty Queen Victoria in August, 1845) and its Environs, as seen at Sunset and during a Thunder Storm; painted by NICHOLAS MEISLER, of Cologne. And the much-admired Picture of THE SHRINE OF THE Saviour, at Bethlehem; painted by the late M. RENOUX, from a Sketch made on the spot by David Rossiers, Esq. R.A., with novel and striking effects.—Open from Ten till Five.

**EGYPT, NUBIA, and ETHIOPIA.**—THE GREAT MOVING PANORAMA of the Nile displays the scenery of these interesting countries, and the manners and customs of their inhabitants, presenting to the spectator the River and the Desert, the Pyramids, and the Sphinx, the grandest Ruins of Antiquity, and the most exciting objects that allure the traveller.—**EGYPTIAN HALL, PICCADILLY.**—Daily, at Three and Eight.—Admission refused to 6*d.*; Pit, 1*s.*; Stalls, 2*s.*

**INDIA OVERLAND MAIL—DIORAMA.—GALLERY of ILLUSTRATION,** 14, Regent-street, Waterloo-place.—A GLASS MOVING DIORAMA of the ROUTE of the OVERLAND MAIL to INDIA, exhibiting the following places, viz.—Sonthampton Dock, Isle of Wight, Osborne, the Scillies, the Bay of Biscay, the Berlings, Cintra, the Tagus, Cape Trafalgar, Tarifa, Gibraltar, Algiers, Malta, Alexandria, Cairo, the Desert of Suez, the Canal Station, Suez, the Red Sea, Aden, Ceylon, Madras, and Calcutta.—is now OPEN DAILY.—Mornings at Twelve, Afternoons at Three, and Evenings at Eight.—Admission, 1*s.*; Stalls, 2*s.* 6*d.*; Reserved Seats, 5*s.* Doors open half an hour before each representation.

**ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.** LECTURE on the BALLAD MUSIC of ENGLAND, by Mr. George Barker, illustrated by his own compositions, every Evening (except Saturday) at Eight o'clock.—LECTURE on the HYDRO-ELECTRIC MACHINE, by Dr. Bachoffner.—LECTURE on CHEMISTRY, by J. H. Pepper, Esq., illustrating the ANCIENT FIERY ORDEAL and the HANDLING of RED-HOT METALS.—MODEL of WESTON'S PATENT NOVA-MOTIVE RAILWAY at work daily.—DISSOLVING VIEWS, illustrating some of the WONDERS of NATURE, daily at Half-past Four, and in the Evenings at Ten; also a Series exhibiting SCENES in the ARCTIC REGIONS and CEYLON, daily at One o'clock.—DIVER and DIVING BELL, &c. &c.—Admission, 1*s.* Schools, Half-price.—Open daily from Eleven till Five o'clock, and every Evening (EXCEPT SATURDAY) from Seven till Half-past Ten.

**MEETING FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.**  
Mox. Entomological, 8.

## FINE ARTS

CRAYON DAGUERROTYPES.

I beg through your valuable columns to make known to daguerrian artists and amateurs the following process,—entitled, as above, Crayon Daguerrotypes. I do this the more willingly from the fact that an attempt is making to patent a process for producing a similar effect,—and as I am a decided enemy to patenting anything in connexion with so interesting a discovery, I hope this communication will set the matter at rest.

1st. Take a daguerreotype image on a prepared plate as usual,—taking care to mark the end of the plate on which the head is produced. When taken, and before mercurializing, remove the plate from the holder, and place on it a plate of glass prepared as follows. 2nd. Cut a piece of thin plate glass of the same size as the daguerreotype plate,—gum upon one side of it a thin oval piece of blackened zinc, the centre of the oval to coincide with the centre of the image upon the plate. Having carefully placed the glass thus prepared with the centre of the zinc disc upon the centre of the image, expose the whole to daylight for 20 seconds. The action of the light will obliterate every trace of image from every part of the plate, except that which is covered with the blackened zinc,—and also from the thickness of the glass the action will be refracted under the edges of the zinc disc, and will soften into the dark parts. Mercurialize the plate as usual; the image will be found with a halo of light around it gradually softening into the background, that will at once add a new charm to these interesting productions.



N° 11971

By grinding the glass on which the disc is fixed, and by altering the shape and size of the disc, a variety of effects may be produced which every ingenious operator can suggest for himself.

I am, &c., J. E. MAYALL.  
West Strand, Oct. 2.

**FINE-ART GOSSIP.**—The arrangements with reference to the execution of the Peel Monument at Manchester have turned out to be such as a week or two since, in contradiction of a contemporary, we ventured to predict. What we had then good reason for believing on the subject, we now know to be the case. The work has not been given arbitrarily away,—and the Manchester people are determined to have the best statue they can get in expression of their feeling and in return for their money. The Manchester monument at any rate will not be jobbed. A competition has been invited from a certain number of eminent sculptors,—and provision is made out of the funds for paying to each of the unsuccessful competitors a sum of money as some compensation for the trouble of preparing models.—This is an example which we think it will hold in *terrorem* over the heads of parties in higher places. The principle of assumed irresponsibility in dealing with the public sentiment and money lavished on matters of this kind is authoritatively rebuked by an eminent instance like this. We hear nothing of the Abbey monument,—and will not believe that in such a case, where the public will be quite sure to audit his doings, Lord John Russell will venture summarily to appropriate the work to any favourite of his own. At the same time, the very silence on the subject is suspicious,—coupled with the sort of feeler too visibly implied in the ministerial language. The money was voted by Parliament long enough since to entitle us to expect that there should now be some sign of an intention to employ it in a manner likely to be satisfactory to the body which voted it.—Lord John will do well not to draw down upon his somewhat unfortunate ministry any further charges, whether just or unjust, of jobbing in matters wherein the public are parties directly concerned.

The *Daily News* says:—The Brigantine, *Agrippa*, has arrived in St. Katherine's Docks from Bussorah, on the river Euphrates, having on board a great quantity of Assyrian and other antiquities and marbles, consigned to the trustees of the British Museum. Among them are the Great Bull from Nineveh, with a man's head and a dragon's wings, weighing twelve tons,—and a lion sculptured in the same manner, weighing nine tons. There are also several coffins containing many curious relics of the manners and usages of Eastern countries regarding the ceremonies observed in burying the dead. This vessel was chartered by the British Museum some time since for the conveyance of these antiquities to England. They were shipped in April last at Bussorah, under the superintendence of Messrs. Stephen, Lynch & Co.; and great care has been taken by Capt. Hardy (who was employed as a similar service two years ago) to bring them home perfect and entire.

From Berlin it is stated that the collection of portraits of celebrated contemporary men of that capital formed by the King in his palace there has been transferred to the Marble Palace at Potsdam. This collection, to be increased from time to time, contains just now the portraits of Baron Alexander de Humboldt, MM. de Schelling, Godfrey Schadow and Rauch, Baron Cornelius, Meyerbeer, Louis Tieck, Ritter the geographer, Leopold de Buch the geologist, and Ideler and Bessel the astronomers.

Our readers will not, we hope, expect us to vouch for the following piece of intelligence, which we give as we find it in the *Journal de Lot et Garonne*.—"Visiting the Church of the Mas-d'Agézac, Count Eugene de Lonley has discovered in the sacristy, concealed beneath dust and spiders' webs, the 'Dying Christ' painted by Rubens in 1631. This magnificent picture, on panel, is in perfect preservation. The head of Christ is remarkable for the large style in which it is painted, for drawing, colour, and vigorous expression."

The following discovery, announced in the same journal, may probably be looked on as more authentic. In the new sacristy of the Cathedral of Puy has been found, beneath a covering of plaster, which has been carefully removed, a magnificent painting of the sixteenth century. The drawing and inscriptions are intact. Grammar, Logic, Rhetoric, and Music figure in this composition,—the names of the figures and an inscription in verse accompanying each. The first group on the left exhibits Grammar; with Priscian, in the act of writing, on one side,—and two children, reading, on the other. The inscription underneath is, "Quidquid agant artes, ego semper prædico partes."—Next comes Logic,—holding in her right hand a lizard, as emblem of the scholastic subtleties, and a scorpion. Near to her is Aristotle;—and the inscription is, "Me sine doctores frustra colere sorores."—Rhetoric, having Cicero on her left, holds a file in her hand,—and the following legend is at her feet, "Est mihi ratio cum flore loquendi."—Music holds an organ on her knees,—and near her is Tubal, with a hammer in each hand. An anvil is before him. Below is written, "Invenere locum per me modulamina vocum."—The four sisters are seated in chairs artistically embellished,—and their garments, like those of the other personages, are of great richness and finely executed. The figures are correct in drawing and vigorous in colouring; and though the work belongs to the commencement of the sixteenth century, it is visible in the type of the figures, the costumes, and the *ensemble* of the composition, that it is from the hand of a French artist who had not yet felt the influence of the Italian Renaissance.—Such is the description given of a fresco which M. Mérimée, the Inspector General of Historical Monuments, has pronounced to be one of the most important existing in France. It is a very valuable addition to the artistic and archaeological wealth which abounds in the Cathedral of Puy.

We read in the *Madrid Gazette* of the 23rd ult. that the frescoes of Annibal Caracci in the Church of St. James at Rome are at length to be removed to Spain. Negotiations for this purpose have been going on for several years; but with little prospect of a successful issue until the recent political events in Italy and the armed assistance afforded to the Pope by Queen Isabella gave the Court of Madrid an influence not to be resisted in the Vatican. The frescoes are expected to arrive shortly in the Spanish capital,—accompanied by a well-executed cast of the recently discovered figure of the gladiator.

It really passes patience to see the experiments which are constantly made on the temper of the public in reference to every great work undertaken in the public's name and at the public's cost. The spirit of jobbery seems so strong in certain quarters that it fairly overbears the wholesome dread of that account which the jobbers must surely render to the wronged and irritated country. Scarcely a sum of money is voted by the people for any popular object that is not found ministering, in their prejudice, to some party view or class interest. Here have we and others been labouring for some time past to save the country at once a large sum of money and an architectural offence by keeping the grand area in front of the British Museum henceforth uninclosed even by an open railing—and now, it turns out that not only have we been wasting argument on those with whom argument is not currency—but that the inclosure is to be effected along a certain portion of its extent on each side by a wall twelve feet in height. Thus, no sooner have we recovered this fine space by the demolition of the gloomy old curtain which shut it in like a fortress, than the public are once more shut out by a new barricade of brick and mortar.—no sooner is the Museum completed in the people's name and at the people's cost, than it is proposed to withdraw it, to some extent, from the people's view. Thousands upon thousands of the national money is spent on the architectural features of a public building,—that these may hide themselves modestly from the vulgar gaze behind a clay screen.—If the reason given for this extraordinary act of seclusion were, a desire to conceal the two unmeaning stone blocks which flank the façade of the

Museum right and left and form unsightly excrescences on the plan, then the argument would be one of taste,—and the offence would resolve itself merely into that fatality which attaches itself to all our great public edifices in modern times,—where to build up that we may pull down and to decorate that we may hide, is the rule. But, that on an edifice and an institution so vast in its scope and stature, so large in its objects and so costly in itself, the petty convenience of a few officials could possibly have a disfiguring influence, is a thing which we really believe could happen in no other civilized country under the sun. Think of walling up the work of a quarter of a century and the representative of a sum which might buy a small kingdom, in order that some officer of the establishment may not be looked in on at his dinner! As a mere fiction, the bathos of the thing would be irresistible,—but we cannot afford to joke at such a cost.—We presume that if the abuse be perpetrated, we may look to Parliament for ordering down the wall again the moment it may assemble.

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

NEW PUBLICATIONS.—PIANOFORTE MUSIC.

*Fantastic Stücke, &c.*—*Fantasy-Pieces for the Pianoforte.* Op. 12. Books 1 and 2. By Robert Schumann.—Being convinced that whatever the destiny of Art is, there is no compelling it to retrace its steps—as little possibility of holding it stationary to the high standard of such an epoch of absolute and unquestioned perfection as that which produces a Raphael, a Palestrina, or a Beethoven,—it is a pleasure as much as a duty from time to time to visit the new schools, for the purpose of examining what is done by those who take the place of the inventors or perfectors of former periods. With those to whom such a settled purpose, occasional intercourse with Herr Schumann becomes a necessity: since his name is perpetually invoked in Germany as a discoverer, and by the form and versatility of his efforts it is obvious that he thoroughly comprehends the vocation of a composer in the largest sense of the word—which is to write music of all descriptions and for all purposes.

On Herr Schumann's Pianoforte Quartett brought to hearing by Mr. Ella two seasons ago, our judgment was passed on the occasion of its performance [vide *Athen.* No. 1066]. Not long since an opportunity was afforded to us of hearing some of his stringed Quartetts admirably led by Herr Ernst. In these, as in his pianoforte Quartett, we could not admit the leading ideas to be in any respect worthy of the uncouth and ambitious garniture which they received. Comparing them with Beethoven's posthumous Quartetts, they shrink into the eccentricities of babyhood, or the tedious springs of senility. The great composer of Vienna (even when writing the most chaotically—even when indulging in digressions, vagaries, strange harmonies, &c. which would hardly have passed had his ear been any longer able to test the fancies which floated over his page)—never wrote without having something to say,—without some vigorous thought, some figure of delicious beauty to present. At fault in the elaboration of these he may have been—and we think was, because of his infirmity; but till he died, the first ideas of Music's greatest poet were always vivid, new, and melodious. In the school which has professed to take its rise from, not the perfect, but the imperfect works of Beethoven, we have all the chaos and none of the imagination. Dressed up as these 'Fantasy Pieces' before us are with titles intended to suggest much to the hearer (such as 'Evening,' 'Flight upwards,' 'Why?' 'Dream-puzzles,' &c.),—the titles are for the most part all that they have to boast. The melodic phrases are poor or none,—the figures of accompaniment are but thread-bare,—the harmonic progressions merely mark a progress towards that anarchical triumph of Discord at which the ugliest chords will bear the highest value. It is true, that by working hard at this music the player may become in a certain degree habituated to its manner,—nay, may reach that pleasure which must always in some measure

be commanded by consistency. It should further be stated that these *Fantasia-stücke* bear the date of 1846,—since which period it might have been hoped that their fancier might have done something to clear his mind if not to get himself a fancy. But a perusal of one of his most recent works—the overture to his opera of ‘*Genoëva*’—precludes our cherishing any such comfortable hope. There, all that is not commonplace appears to be vague—and all that is not vague is singularly unattractive. Of the orchestral treatment of this composition, however, we are in no case to speak.

*Grandes Etudes*, par Edouard Roedel, Op. 19.—In former years we have had frequent occasion to commend the nephew and favourite pupil of Hummel, for the remarkable beauty of his hand on the pianoforte and the precision and brilliancy of his execution. These Grand Studies give us acceptable proof that time has not been unimproved by M. Roedel as regards composition. They are to be commended on many grounds:—first, because they are not written on the Thalberg pattern, the sight and sound of which we have learned to dread, so remorselessly has it been hackneyed;—secondly, for their contrast;—thirdly, for the excellent practice which they offer.—No. 4, in particular, may be specified as a capital octave exercise.—No. 5 deserves yet higher praise,—as a single movement, pleasing in its melody, excellent in its structure, and more than ordinarily attractive to the player.—We must protest against one or two crudities of chord and passing harshnesses of modulation,—which are unwelcome because they are unnecessary; but these excused, the studies have so much merit as to command the good will of all who like good writing.

*La Felicità, Toccata Brillante for the Pianoforte*, &c. By Charles Salaman.—This composition is decidedly the best work signed by Mr. Salaman that we have met:—his pleasing Italian Canzonets not forgotten. Without either “frivolous or vexatious” distress of the fingers, the life and motion of this *toccata* are cleverly maintained throughout its ten pages. The leading phrases are pleasing to hear no less than improving to practise. The contrast betwixt the spirited figure with which the *toccata* commences, and the calmer melodic passages immediately succeeding when the left hand has to “take up the tale,” is well fancied. The movement as a whole is well developed,—its interest not flagging for a single triplet till the very last note. But we must think the piece in F sharp minor misnamed ‘*Felicità*.’ We have here eagerness, anxiety, and, at last, relief:—but no happiness, if Music have any language. The name must have been given at random. Before we have done with Mr. Salaman, let us praise a pretty *Birthday Valse* by him.—Ere we quit waltzing ground, we must further recommend to those in search for something new to play, *Sappho, Valse Brillante*, Op. 22, No. 2, by F. B. Jewson.

Of the *Deux Morceaux*, Op. 8, by M. Emanuel Aguilar, No. 1, the study in a minor is the best, as furnishing good practice in the art of smoothly playing a long *arpeggio* in accompaniment divided betwixt the two hands. This feat—of which the Dusseks, or even Hummels, never dreamed—is now of such every-day occurrence, that its execution must be provided for. In No. 2, *A Romance in A flat*, the idea is hardly worth the elaborate embroidery bestowed on it.

Possibly *Bamboula, Danse de Nègres*, by L. M. Gottschalk, Op. 2, may also have been meant as a study. Played for pleasure it can never be,—if played at all. Pianists of more than ordinary force will get a sort of furious and distracted hammering out of it:—and, indeed, Herr Gottschalk gives free leave for the timid or infirm to omit a good couple of pages should they be found too difficult. ‘*Bamboula*,’ in short, seems to us a bad specimen of not a good school,—the best example of which, perhaps, was Herr de Meyer’s ‘*Marche Marocaine*.’—We may lastly say that 6 *Lieder ohne Worte*, Book 1, by William Vissand Barry, of Bandon, entirely distance our comprehension. They are called “*Melodies*” undeservedly,—being neither rhythmical nor melodious, but vague and difficult; and by a sort of *da capo* they bring

us round again to the objections urged against Herr Schumann’s *Fantasy Pieces*, with which the review now closing commenced.

PRINCESS’S.—According to announcement, this theatre opened on Saturday, under the management of the Keans and Keeleys, with Shakespeare’s comedy of ‘*Twelfth Night*.’ The house, as might have been anticipated from the cast, was crowded to excess.—Mrs. Kean’s *Viola* is one of those charming impersonations which silence criticism. Skilful distribution of light and shade, mixed gaiety and sadness, *naïveté* and poetry, are the attributes which in this part present her to us as an imitable actress. These qualities, combined with the touching tones of her voice and the strong passion of her delivery, make her irresistible in characters of the kind. Her power in all these respects was never more perfectly exhibited than on the present occasion.—It is not often that we get the part of *Sebastian* well done, considered as a counterpart to the *Viola*. There should be not only a resemblance of person and costume, but of manner. Mr. J. F. Cathcart both looked and acted the part with much propriety. The nervousness of his general action, his tremulous utterance and feeling gestures, marked him at once for the brother of the heroine. We have reason to think this young actor will become a valuable accession.—We were not quite satisfied with Mr. Addison’s *Sir Toby Belch*. It lacks somewhat of breadth and unction in its humour.—On the other hand, Mr. Keeley’s *Sir Andrew Aguecheek* abounded in all the qualities that constitute comic geniality. The tone and colouring of the part were marvellous for skill and invention.—The highest expectation of the evening was excited by Mr. Meadows’s assumption of the part of *Malvolio*. This character as a speciality was supposed to be suited to his natural aptitude:—and to a great extent the anticipation was justified by the fact. Most of the *Malvolios* that we have seen have, whatever their merits, been artificial stage-products. There is in Mr. Meadows nothing mechanical or automatic:—the expression seemed spontaneous, and the situation was well embodied. Nevertheless, there were shortcomings. The inordinate conceit was not distinctly enough marked,—and the poetry of the conception was not sufficiently sustained. Mr. Meadows’s version was, as it were, a prose version of the character. Indeed, he did not seem thoroughly at ease in the part. Practice will give development where now we trace defect. From a performer like Mr. Meadows everything is to be hoped.—With respect to the remaining characters.—Mrs. Keeley in *Maria* and Mr. Harley in the *Clown* deserve the first and the highest mention. These were impersonations peculiarly rich and effective. Mr. Belton as *Orsino* was intelligent, but far too demonstrative. The part is one not of energy, but of languor. Mr. Ryder as the sea-captain *Antonio* was rough and racy; and Mr. J. Vining as *Fabian* sustained his reputation as a useful and clever performer. The appointments and costumes were elegant and appropriate,—and the groupings on the stage were in the best taste. The artists engaged on the scenery at this theatre are Messrs. Gordon and Lloyd,—and they deserve high credit in this piece for some very capital sea-views.

After the play, a new farce by Mr. Bernard, entitled ‘*Platonic Attachments*,’ was produced. It was supported by Mr. and Mrs. Keeley, Mr. Wigan, and Miss Murray. The piece depending much on mere incident and little on plot, it is impossible to detail minutely the business of the scene. Mr. Thistle-down (Mr. Keeley) and his friend Tom Rawlings (Mr. Wigan) meet in a suburban garden twelve months after the marriage of the former. Having promised his wife to break with his previous boating and sporting acquaintance, Thistle-down is anxious to get rid of Rawlings,—but in vain. Tom is recognized by Mrs. Thistle-down (Mrs. Keeley) as a young rake who in her daily walk has persecuted her with his attentions. He still retains his hold, however, on the husband, by his knowledge of the latter’s having in London, under similar circumstances, lent an umbrella to a young lady, Miss Ellen Millman (Miss Murray).

The lady and umbrella both appear at the unfortunate nick of time; but Tom comes to the rescue of Thistle-down,—screws the handle of his friend’s umbrella on to his own, which fortunately has his name on the point,—and thus succeeds in mystifying the jealous wife.—On so slight a basis a very effective farce has been constructed.

The evening concluded with a *Ballet Divertissement*, composed by Mr. H. Hughes, produced under the direction of Mr. Flexmore. The subject is a classical one,—and was very picturesquely treated; Mr. Flexmore performing the part of a Satyr among the Wood-nymphs with graphic power and first-rate pantomimic expression.

On Monday, a great feature was made of the production of ‘*Hamlet*,’ with magnificent scenery, painted under the direction of Mr. T. Grieve. The choice of the tragedy was judicious so far as Mr. Kean is concerned. This gentleman’s *Hamlet* was always an elegant and well-studied performance. Since his first appearance in the character, however, he has greatly improved as an actor, and has parted judiciously with many of his early mannerisms in favour of a more natural style. The effect is highly favourable to his success. Many points of which he was once proud are now subdued, and many parts are shown in relief which he was accustomed to neglect. In fact, “the years that bring the philosophic mind” have not been without their effect on the experience of an intelligent actor in constant employ. Hence the remarkable finish and minute attention to every available point which the daily journalists have attributed to Mr. Kean’s performance of *Hamlet* on the present occasion. Amidst such a general consent of opinion, it is, however, left for us to indicate some specific beauties. The soliloquy after the interview with the players was delivered with a force and passion which reminded us of Mr. Charles Kemble’s execution of that very passage,—conceived by him as a torrent of irresistible emotion. Yet finer, though in another way, was the manner in which the perplexing interview with *Ophelia* was managed. Mr. Charles Kean’s interpretation was similar to that of his father,—but in the development was marked by an originality which testifies to the genius of the actor.—*Ophelia* was performed by Mrs. Kean. There has lately been an absurd practice at theatres of intrusting this important character to the *soubrette* of the stage. Mr. Kean has restored the part to its proper importance, and invested it with delicacy and intelligence.—The other characters were efficiently cast. The *Polonius* of Mr. Addison is a respectable piece of acting; and Mr. Harley and Mr. Meadows in the two grave-diggers brought back to our remembrance those palmy days of the Drama when well-practised actors were found illustrating the meanest parts. Mr. Wigan in *Oseus* was an exquisite foe.

It is not so much on account of the general excellence of the company, under this management, that we wish well to the experiment here making, as for the sake of the experiment itself. Since the abstraction of Covent Garden and Drury Lane from the purposes of the legitimate drama, the cause has been left to one small house. The advantages of competition are obvious; and a competition invested with such resources of intelligence and capital as that now established at this theatre merits special attention.—The Queen has testified her regard for the object by engaging a box.

SADLER’S WELLS.—Shakespeare’s tragedy of ‘*Macbeth*’ was reproduced here on Monday, in the same style of magnificence as last season. A great improvement, however, has been effected in the arrangement of the banquet scene by the division of the tables in front,—making thereby room for the passage of the king and queen, and giving the most effective position to the appearance of Banquo’s ghost.—We are not sure whether, on his first appearance, the “horrible shadow” is not made too conspicuous. It is more important to see the agitation of *Macbeth*’s countenance than the face of the ghost,—and the actor does injustice to himself by presenting his back to the audience.—Miss Glyn’s *Lady Macbeth* of this season is a great advance on that of last. We were not prepared for the vigour and originality which it displayed. The



new points which she made in the opening soliloquy, in the temptation scenes with her husband—particularly the last scene of the first act,—and in the banquet scene, were remarkable as conceptions and of appalling power in execution. Additions were introduced into the sleep-walking soliloquies on which we are not so ready to decide at once. They not only suggest but require reflection. At any rate, they indicate a creative intelligence on the part of the actress.

**SURREY.**—The tragedy of 'Macbeth' has been produced at this theatre also. But here the management is content to retain Lock's music, and in other respects to place the piece on the stage in the ordinary manner. The performance was respectable. Mr. Creswick as *Macbeth*, though impressive and occasionally striking, was too didactic throughout,—perhaps, he was too cautious; and Miss Cooper in the ambitious wife was evidently lightened with the weight of the character,—of which, nevertheless, she gave a nice and intelligent reading.—Mr. Mead was the *Banko*, and Mr. Montague the *Macduff*. The latter acquitted himself with much power.

**MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.**—The London winter musical season may be said to have commenced with the Evening Concert given on Monday at St. Martin's Hall for the Brook Street Industrial School,—conducted by Mr. Monk, and to which the chorus was furnished by Mr. Hullah's first upper school.

We learn that the secretaryship of the Philharmonic Society, vacated by the death of Mr. H. Budd, will henceforth be filled by Mr. George Hogarth, the well-known historian of music.

The Commonwealth for the revival of English musical drama intends, we perceive, to commence its operations at Miss Kelly's Theatre, Dean Street, Soho. The smallness of this theatre must in every way limit the experiment. Were it possible there to assemble a chorus and orchestra sufficient to perform average works, the want of pretension in the locality would be regarded by us as a recommendation and an augury of good progress. The public have had enough of "blazes of triumph,"—ending in managerial ruin; of "additional chorus singers"—clamouring for their pay in the Police Courts; of "stars" that have—drained the treasuries; of "orchestras enlarged" by taking in several rows—of empty stalls. The strength of a cause is not always indicated by the scale on which its advocacy is commenced. A few determined men—so few in number that at their early meetings it was thought expedient to draw a red curtain across their room of assembly to conceal its emptiness—set the Anti-Com-Law League a-going. What the League has done, Europe is but beginning to understand. But as concerns English Opera, we have as yet examined no scheme in which the difficulties of the case seem to have been in the least frankly admitted. Were this once done, to meet them might not be so difficult as it appears.

It is said that some English service music has been recently written by the Rev. Sir Frederick Ouseley (known in the musical circles some years ago, as a prodigy of extraordinary promise), of excellent in quality, that it may possibly be performed during a series of Concerts about to be given at St. Martin's Hall under the direction of Mr. Hullah.

The third essay of Mlle. Alboni as *Odette*, in the 'Charles VI.' of M. Halévy, seems to have been in every respect less happy than her two previous attempts at the *Grand Opéra*. Our neighbours have apparently discovered that, beautiful singer as she is, Mlle. Alboni does not possess that dramatic energy and intelligence which enable an artist to sustain an opera. This, we suspect, is the secret of her wanderings, since the success to which she aspires is to be maintained only by her perpetually changing the scene of its experiment. For the finances of *la valorosa contralto* her plan of career is possibly the most advantageous one, but it leaves her almost without a name and place in the world of art. Had Mlle. Alboni remained steady to one occupation and to one public, composers might in time have come to her. She must now

go in quest of the composers, and force her talent into occupations for which it by no means appears to be suitable.

Nothing much odder as to its amplitude than the list of artists announced in the last number of the *Gazette Musicale*, by the direction of the Italian Opera of Paris, as engaged, has often been given. It consists of MM. Mario, Duprez, Tambril, Moriani, Reeves, Lucchesi, Brignoli, Ronconi, Salvatori, Ferrante, Majesky, Soldi, Valenti; Mesdames Castellan, Rovelli, Luxore, Ronconi, Caroline Duprez, Ida Bertrand, Seguin, E. Grisi, Amigo, Majesky, Faccioli, &c. &c. "Other engagements of famous artists," says the *manifesto*, "will be announced before the opening of the theatre." Four operas, new to Paris, are promised for the coming season:—which, it is added, will probably be the 'Eleonora' of Mercadante, the same composer's 'Il Giuramento' and 'Il Bravo,' and the 'Macbeth' of Verdi. Besides these, a work by Signor Alary, composed for the theatre, is promised.

Mlle. Carlotta Grisi is going this winter to dance in Russia.—Mlle. Nathalie Fitz-James in New York.

The name of Signor Foroni, who is about to give a new opera at Trieste, is new to us:—may it prove the name of a composer!

#### MISCELLANEA

*A Book-hunt at the British Museum.*—The following amusing account given by our able contemporary the *Gentleman's Magazine*, of a book-hunt in the Library of the British Museum furnishes a pleasant comment on the convenience afforded by the Catalogues with all the new additions.—"The other day we wanted to find the common book called the Beauties of England and Wales in the Catalogue. It was quite a glorious hunt. We began with the 79 vol. Catalogue, under the title 'England and Wales,'—it was not there; then we went to the 153 vol. Catalogue, same title—not there. We tried 'Beauties' in both catalogues; we found 'Beauties of the Opera and Ballet,' but none of England and Wales, and under 'Beauty' there was 'Universal Beauty,'—but not the coy, shy object of our search. Here we paused to survey the ground, and meditate upon our future course. Knowing a little of the history of the book, we made a dash at 'Britton, John,' the chief editor and principal author, whose name is on the title-page of we know not how many volumes. It was weary work running through page after page of Cathedrals, and Junius, and Autobiography, and fifty other things besides; but we held on and came at last to an end, but without sight or scent of our Beauties. We tried the other catalogue with the same result. Worn out, but too much used to the sport to be discouraged, off we started again after Britton's chief conditor, 'Brayley, E. W.' We ran him down in the 79 vols.—no 'Beauties,' chased off to the 153 vols.—no 'Beauties.' The thing seemed becoming desperate, but we determined to hark back, and try some of the minor contributors. We looked for the Welshmen, 'Evans,' and 'Rees'—no success! We tried 'Bigland'—not there. At last we thought of 'Brewer.' There were a good many Brewers; we marked our man, 'J. N.' Here it is! No! It is only the 'Introduction, 8vo. Lond. 1818.' Well, that put us in spirits. It seemed correct that we should find the Introduction first. It was a something; a beginning; 'Introduction to the Beauties of England and Wales.' We did not stay to consider why the other authors were not entitled to have their shares in the work entered under their separate names. We had got a scent which was too hot to allow of any pause. On we dashed, determined not to be outdone. We scamped through 'Nightingale,' 'Shoberl,' and at last 'Hodgson'—no success! We began to think we should be beaten after all. We thought we would try the separate counties. 'Bedfordshire' and 'Berkshire' were fruitless, and we gave that up. It came into our mind that perhaps there was a conjoint title of 'Britton and Brayley.' The volume which contains BRI was engaged. We stood at the desk waiting to take it in our turn. We were almost inclined to give up the chase, and go home and turn the circumstance into a prize enigma, or send an ad-

vertisement for the missing Beauties to the third column of the *Times*. How often help comes at the last pinch! There was an open volume on the desk at which we were standing. It was one of A. We turned over its pages listlessly, by way of occupation whilst waiting,—when, as chance, or luck, or something or other would have it, we stumbled upon a long heading of 'Anglia.' It did not at first occur to us that the lost jewel might be there. But, seeing as we looked on and on, turning page after page, that the article 'Anglia' was a kind of pound in which all sorts of waifs and strays were inclosed, a general receptacle for articles unowned, it flashed upon our mind that it was worth while to try. We thank our stars we did so, for there it was and there it is: 'ANGLIA. The Beauties of England and Wales; topographical, historical, and descriptive. 18 vols. [in 23] 8vo. Lond. 1801-15!'"

*Remains of James the Second.*—In the account of the town of St. Germain-en-Laye, in Planta's 'Picture of Paris,' (16th edition, 1830,) it is mentioned that the body of James the Second "was re-entombed with great ceremony in 1824." I recollect, when at St. Germain in the summer of 1833, having seen, either in a chapel attached to the old palace or in one of the town churches (I forget which), the tomb of the aforesaid monarch. Its site was marked by a Latin inscription painted on board. I regret having omitted to make a copy of it. Close beside the tomb was a quantity of marble scattered on the floor. My guide told me that from this material a handsome memorial had been in course of preparation, by order of Charles the Tenth, at the time when the Revolution of 1830 broke out;—since which time the work has been left in an abandoned state. Perhaps some better informed correspondent could give some clearer account of this matter, to which public attention has been directed by the statement copied into your columns from 'Notes and Queries'—Yours, &c. L. B.

P.S.—In 'The Penny Cyclopædia' (Art. St. Germain) it is stated that the remains of James the Second were discovered in 1836, in digging the foundations for a new church.

*First Ascent of the Bernina, in the Grisons.*—

On the 13th of last month, the first ascent of the celebrated Bernina, the highest mountain peak of the Bernese Alps, was effected by M. J. Coaz, of Scaufs, in Oberengadin, in company with MM. J. and L. R. Tscharver, of Scheid. The height of the peak is 4,052 metres above the sea level. It lies in the mighty mountain chain called the Bernina, and bears its name,—and rises out of the glaciers of Roseg, Tschierva, and Morteratsch. Several attempts to ascend it have been made, but hitherto without success. The task is attended with considerable danger. The three adventurers set out at six o'clock on the morning of the 13th, the sky being very clear, and reached the glaciers about seven. The thermometer stood at 2° Réaumur. \* \* About half-past ten the first glacier region was left behind. The second rose steep out of a field of snow. The glacier line was not then visible. Great fissures, 100 feet wide, had to be avoided by a circuitous route; smaller openings were to be leaped; valleys were to be wandered through, and ridges climbed. The travellers had frequently to cut steps in the ice, and throughout the first region were compelled to make constant use of their cords. The chief obstacle they encountered was an ice ridge formed of steep glacier walls; this, however, was overcome, and about six in the evening, after twelve hours of incessant toil, the summit was climbed. \* \* The cold north wind reminded the travellers that they had little time for admiration. \* \* From the foot of the glacier (1,890 metres) to the height of 2,162 metres, the travellers had seen no living creature excepting a mountain chough which flew among the rocks below. They had observed traces of the chamois nearly at the summit of the mountain. They buried a small flask with some Swiss coins and papers inscribed with dates and names, and built over them a 5-foot stone wall. On this they planted the Swiss federal flag, and took their leave of the place. About half-past ten they had gained the lower glacier region by moonshine, and were thus out of all danger.

*The Bridge on the Rhine at Cologne.*—It appears, from an official document published by Mr. Van der Heide, the Minister of Trade and Public Works, that the committee appointed to examine the merits of the various plans for a bridge over the Rhine, between the cities of Cologne and Deutz, have awarded the first prize of 250,000 francs d'or to Mr. John W. Schwedler, architect, of Berlin, and the second prize of 125,000 francs d'or to Capt. W. Moorsom, of London.

*A Document with two Readings.*—The following political *jeu d'esprit*—exhibited in the form of a placard near the Church of Santa Maria del Popolo, in Rome, on the occasion of the Pope's visiting it to assist at the grand Mass celebrated on the occasion of the fête of the Birth of the Virgin—is worth giving as a very ingenious example of *double entendre*.—

Morte a  
La Repubblica è  
Il più infame Governo  
Abbaso  
Il Dominio del Popoli

Pio IX.  
viva lungamente  
Il più dolce Governo  
e quello dei Preti  
il Potere dei Preti  
regni in eterno.

If the two inscriptions are read into one another, line by line, the sense of the first inscription becomes applicable to the second.

*The Doom of English Wills.*—Up a narrow stair, under the guidance of a grumpy clerk, our persevering Middle Templar wends. In a long room, over the arches of the gateway, he sees parallel rows of shelves laden with wills; not tied up in bundles, not docketed, not protected in any way from dust or spiders by the flimsiest covering. Only the modern wills are bound up; but—not to encroach upon the Registrar's hard earnings—the backings of the bindings are composed of such original wills as were written on parchment. These are regularly cut up—that is, wilfully destroyed—for bookbinding purposes! \* \* Wherever he turns his eyes, he sees black, barbarous Ruin. In one corner, he observes decayed boxes filled with rotten wills; in another stands a basket, containing several lumps of mediæval mortar and a few brick-bats of the early pointed style—the edges, possibly, of some hole in the wall too large for even poor seven thousand a-year to shirk the stopping of. Despite the hints of the clerk that his time is valuable, Mr. Wallace is contemplating these relics with the eager gaze of an F.S.A., when he descends, hanging over the edge of the basket, something like an ancient seal. He scrutinizes it intensely—there is a document attached to it. He rescues it from the rubbish. "What can this be?" asks Mr. Wallace, with glistering eye. "Oh!" answers the clerk, with listless indifference, "nothing of any consequence, I'm sure." By this time, Mr. Wallace has found out that this "nothing of any consequence" is a Charter of King William the Conqueror—the identical instrument by which the see of Dorchester was transferred to Lincoln—that's all! The broken seal is not of "much consequence" either. Oh, no! Now it happens that there is only one impression of the great seal of the Great Norman extant, and that is in the British Museum, broken in half, this being a counterpart, supplies the entire seal! Such is the priceless historical relic found in the year 1850, by chance, in a lime-basket, in the very place where it ought to have been as zealously preserved as if it had been the jewel of a diadem! \* \* As Mr. Wallace follows his surly guide up the stairs of the Gate-house, the rain patters sharply against the casements, and a fusty, damp odour emerges from the upper story. Under a broken roof, and a ceiling being unplastered in huge patches by time and rain, in the top room lie,—or, more correctly, rot—the wills of the Archdeaconry of Blowe, a "Peculiar" of the diocese. The papers below stairs are merely worm-eaten, spider-woven, dusty, ill-arranged; but, compared with those which Mr. Wallace now sees—and smells—are in fastidious glass-case order. After dodging the rain-drops which filter through the ceiling, down among the solemn injunctions of the dead, Mr. Wallace is able to examine one or two bundles. Mildew and rot are so omnipotent in this damp repository, that the shelves have in some places broken and crumbled away. A moment's comparison between the relative powers of wood and paper in resisting water, will give a vivid idea of the condition of the wills in this Archidiaconal shower-bath. The corners of most of the piles are as thoroughly rounded off as if a populous colony of water-rats (the ordinary species could not have existed there) had been dining off them since the days of King Stephen. Others are testamentary agglomerations, soddened into pulp—totally illegible and inseparable, having been converted by age, much rain, and inordinate neglect, into *post mortem papier mâché*.—*Household Words*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—S. B.—A. A.—D. W.—D. Mac L.—D. B. ap R.—An Inquirer—received.

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